THE
COMMONWEAL

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MONEY TALKS

SOMETIMES there appear little windows, apertures in the vast level of our social scene, through which one can get an extraordinarily clear vision of what is happening. The effect is quite like catching a glimpse of the ocean through a periscope, and is all the more valuable because of the exceedingly important and problematical character of many things now being done. Let us, then, put two current facts into conjunction and see what they mean. At Los Angeles, Mr. John P. Frey told the American Federation of Labor that "more than one million" persons are unemployed in this country, and that the wages earned by a number almost equally large are astonishingly small. This is one fact. The other is the amount of capital which United States citizens have invested in Mexico and Central America. Everyone knows that this sum is huge and includes moneys owned by a great number of people; that it has remained unproductive during several years; and that any Bolshevistic development, were it to take place, would jeopardize the whole investment quite in the same way as French holdings in Russia were wiped out by the Lenin revolution.

What do these facts mean? Can we afford to remain indifferent to them? Well, many of us are so convinced of the financial and industrial success of our country that we can conceive of nothing except a serene floating forward to greater and more widely distributed wealth. We think that the million people out of work have only themselves to blame, or that they will gradually be absorbed, and that a handful of "oil barons" in Mexico can be stripped of their feathers without serious inconvenience. These and similar bleak areas in our industrial and economic scenery do not distress us because we have faith in the national prestige and social philosophy. Undoubtedly that faith is justified. The position of the United States is strong and unquestioned. We have become a great creditor nation, so that, if it were not for capital supplied by us, the wheels of toil in many countries would have stopped turning. Our governing principle, that the recipe for industrial vitality is widely diffused buying power obtained through economical production, is so far superior to any and every form of paternalism that no really thoughtful person is any longer arguing against it.

The whole problem is whether this recipe is being applied conscientiously and effectively—whether, that is, we are tending to eliminate waste, such as that indicated by the two facts mentioned above. And we believe that much light is thrown upon this problem by certain conclusions recently presented for considera-

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tion by Mr. Edward J. Mehren. Mr. Mehren is vice-president of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, which exists to supply literature dealing with industrial methods and aims. Recently he attended the International Economic Conference, a gathering at Geneva of representative economists from all nations. The discussion there dealt largely with production as the mainspring of industrial action, and with the circumstances which hamper the working of that mainspring. A considerable number of first-rate men told all they knew about remedying distress. But what particularly interested Mr. Mehren as an observer at the Conference was a fact which ought vitally to concern us all—the fact that Germany, in her slow and painful climb out of an abyss of economic collapse, is adopting and putting into practice the United States recipe. With a patience and a technical competence altogether extraordinary, the leaders of the Reich have pitted "Yankee doctrine" against Bolshevist propaganda; and they have won.

It is not altogether a matter of "rationalization," a word the Germans have coined to express all that can be done to facilitate production through the manifold forms of organization. Von Siemens's address to the Conference was replete with earnest insistence upon the truth that leaders of industry and government are responsible, above all, for the improvement of living conditions among the people at large. And if there were time, we could quote from many another German source to prove that recognition of this responsibility is echoed through dozens of books and discussions about the Reich's economic situation. What does it all mean? Speaking to the New York Building Congress, Mr. Mehren tried to answer. He called attention first to the enthusiasm with which the campaign for "rationalization" is being conducted. "To encourage research and study in cost-reduction methods, the German has set up a government trusteeship for the study of economy in production," we are told. The findings of this body are then urged upon every citizen by explicit and thorough publicity treatment.

More important than all this, however, is the "new relationship between capital and labor." Upon this topic Mr. Mehren had some excellent things to say: "The solicitude of the employer for his employees springs not primarily from humanitarian motives, but from the realization that Europe's lack of prosperity is derivative from the insufficient purchasing power of her people and of those in other lands. It has dawned upon the manufacturer that well-paid workers are good customers and that good customers keep factories busy. Of course the manufacturer is not rushing at once to raise wages, but his former resistance to wage increases is tempered by the conviction that his prosperity is tied up with that of his workers." In other words, the German is turning from confidence in Marx's "iron law" to trust in the American theory of wages. This Mr. Mehren happily termed the "security wage," meaning that it implies purchasing power, something more than "ability to buy the mere necessities of life."

It may be remarked in passing that the Catholic theory of wages—"the living wage"—is amply satisfied by this attitude toward the working group. Older religious teachers used to look to government for the practical working out of the principle, believing that industry would never voluntarily recognize it. We know now that a moral rule can seldom be effectively enforced by civic mandates; and our workers as well as our industrialists have gradually hit upon a practical groundwork into which that rule can be incorporated—the cycle of production. Yet though we are rightly proud of having arrived at a solution of a great problem, we need to remember that such a solution can never be automatic. Waste is a sign of ignored responsibilities. The things we throw away, the things we do not use, each and every one impair production. The million persons out of work constitute one variety of waste. Indifference to capital honestly invested outside our national boundaries is another variety. Certainly no business can afford to hire labor it is unable to use. Just as obviously no stiff "imperialistic" grip ought to protect, at any cost, invested capital. But it is the business of good government to propose ways and means to stop both leakages in an equitable and practicable manner.

Here we come round again to the function of government in promoting the ends which "socialized industry" is trying to reach. Mr. Mehren, in his address to the builders, stressed the desirability of authoritative investigations of building costs—investigations suggested possibly by German practice—so that the burden upon the worker's wage might be lessened and American industry enabled to compete in the "struggle for trade" that is coming. The United States must reckon with a rapidly approaching moment when European nations, having learned the rules of the modern economic game, will very seriously affect the existing quotations in world markets. Business must learn to be athletic; for the sake of the common race to be run, it must cast off excessive pouches of fat accumulated in such exploits as taking advantage of a great demand for housing to add to the worker's burden.

One might add also that nothing is more serious than the conservation of good will. It is undoubtedly a little difficult to keep the affection of people whose eyesight is troubled by a sense of financial inferiority. A Moscow cartoonist drew the plaudits of Europe with a representation of United States money as a great spider enveloping the world. But hard though the job is, it must and can be done. We simply cannot afford to go on acting like a crowd of cranky old maids, conscious of being the richest folk in town. We want our share of the world's credits; we must also be prepared to assume part of its debits—of, to be specific, its gloomy struggle upward from the caverns of war. Money talks, but there are better companions; indeed, there are even better salesmen.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

ALTHOUGH everything the Osservatore Romano prints cannot be said to issue from the Vatican, there is little doubt that the paper's comment on a question so vital as the temporal status of the Holy See would reflect directly the views of the Sovereign Pontiff. And since the Osservatore has laid down as a necessary condition for settling the problem a restoration of part of the old papal states "no matter how small," it indeed seems as if the possible solution outlined in The Commonweal for October 12 by Monsignor Enrico Pucci is the acceptable one. By endowing—though this word needs to be correlated with the just historical claims of the Papacy—the Holy See with a territorial status similar to that of the republic of San Marino, Italy could end a disagreeable situation that has embarrassed the diplomatic world since 1870. This action would, as the Associated Press correspondent has it, "convince everybody of the complete liberty and independence of the Pope in the spiritual government of the Church." The great war proved that territorial sovereignty is as necessary to a world-wide religious government now as it was during the middle-ages. Year after year the number of those advocating the settlement just proposed by the Osservatore has grown larger and larger. Authoritative clergymen in many parts of the world have spoken for it, and lay authors have reiterated their opinions. When one considers the undoubted willingness of Mussolini to settle the problem, one is inclined to believe that the hour of accord is nearer than it has been since Pope Pius IX died.

CANCELING the illustrious Teapot Dome lease, the Supreme Court used sharp and rough-shod diction. Ex-Secretary of the Interior Fall was branded as a "faithless public officer," the mysterious Continental Trading Company, which dealt in oil and supplied the Department of the Interior with ready cash, was described as having been "created for some illegitimate purpose," and Mr. Harry Sinclair was adjudged to have been a party to a "conspiracy." The report in which these adjectives occur is a succinct and complete statement of the whole case, a careful reading of which will convince almost everybody that one of the most amazing potfuls of graft ever prepared in the United States has been taken off the stove. We believe that two main threads of conduct are discernible. First, there is the manoeuvering of business men for a chance to make a fortune—manoeuvering probably not different in essence from various other deals in oil and similar commodities, conspiracy against the government that was culpable, surely, but nevertheless relatively passive. Secondly, there is the manifest eagerness of an entire administration to dispose of Teapot Dome. Mr. Fall was carefully bolstered up in his authority to make a disposition of the territory. Nobody—Naval Department, Cabinet, President—manifested any objections. And the said Mr. Fall collected all he could. It is a curious and appalling forgetfulness of both responsibility and the public trust.

NATURALLY enough the whole subject supplied Senator James A. Reed with material when he came forward to address a number of his fellow Missourians and to receive their acclamation as a candidate for the Presidency. Like the Supreme Court, Senator Reed borrowed hot shot from the dictionary; but his picture of oil sullying Washington and determining the tint of an entire administration was decidedly more vast in its scope and implications. This dignified and oratorical "gentleman from Missouri" next branched out into a defense of good, old-fashioned, popular American doctrines which a great many citizens like to be reminded of. At the close of his address not a few persons were ready to concede that Senator Reed had taken on considerable bulk as a possible Democratic champion. The same people also could not help contrasting the pre-campaign barrage set off in Missouri with the sniping being essayed by Republicanism in New York. Surely the astute and careful managers of the G. O. P. must realize, sooner or later, that if the issue is going to be blind pigs in Albany versus pork-barrels in Washington, size will surely tell.

THE critique, offered by Senator Carter Glass, of the State Department practice of stamping certain foreign bond issues with approval is fairly definite and arresting. According to the Constitution, the power "to regulate foreign commerce" is lodged in Congress; the administration, however, has appropriated this power unto itself for the express purpose of prevent-

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ing congressional legislation "out of keeping with the judgment of the executive branch of the government." The State Department has argued that loans by private bankers constitute an aspect of foreign relations; there is, however, neither treaty nor precedent to lend support to this contention. One finds much strength in the other points raised by Senator Glass, as well: that one usurpation of authority by an executive department is as dangerous as another, and that the Secretary of the Interior's claim of authority over federal oil lands has been found disastrous; that official approval of bond issues gives them a preferential value in the market and so forces up the rate of interest on domestic loans; that centralization of power is a perilous tendency, especially when antagonism to Congress is involved; and that the examination of such matters by minor department officials, who thereby act as representatives of the government, is not a reliable method of investigation. Obviously the point raised is serious enough to start a first-rate argument.

GOLD production has become a subject of much interest, even if the issues involved are exceedingly difficult. The European economic problem is largely one of stabilizing currency at a higher level than that reached during post-war depression without, at the same time, creating a general decline in prices. Though wealth must always be computed by the essential value of the monetary unit, it is impossible to adjust changes in that value to the whole scale of industrial production without waiting for time and the drift of events. If the European nations could materially increase their gold stocks, they could solve the problems of currency standardization and price maintenance much more easily. Contemporary figures, however, indicate their inability to do so. Such increases as have been registered on the continent are largely the result of German borrowing, the gold reserves of the Bank of England having actually dwindled. Meanwhile the drift of the valuable yellow coin to other shores has been very marked. The United States situation is well known. Of late the Argentine republic, profiting by an exceptionally good harvest, has been the recipient of above fifty millions of gold dollars. The factors governing this flow are complex and international in character. They could be altered materially only by the discovery and mining of more gold, or by a change in the relation between bank reserves and currency. The first means appears to be out of the question, if statistics supplied by leading investigators can be accepted. The second is being weighed by many financiers and will doubtless figure, sooner or later, in decisive discussions of banking and credit.

AMONG baffling war-time questions none has evoked more speculation and controversy than the precise significance and history of the papal manoeuvers for peace during the summer of 1917. Particularly difficult to understand has been the German government's failure to make a definite and immediate response. Regarding this second point, not a few writers have rushed to draw their own conclusions and to put the blame upon some one individual. Seen retrospectively, the matter is of considerable importance because it seems that a "peace of understanding" was—at least apart from the determinations of President Wilson—really possible at the time when the papal nuncio had been told that Germany was ready to restore Belgium and discuss the question of Alsace-Lorraine. We believe that the best analysis ever made of the whole situation is that which Dr. Martin Spahn, known to many Americans by reason of his contributions to the Catholic Encyclopaedia, has just published in Hochland, the Munich review. Dr. Spahn makes it clear beyond reasonable doubt that the German delay was due not to any individual prejudice or narrowness, but to the fact that the imperial government was at that moment virtually a four-power establishment. The chancellor, the Reichstag, the army command and the kaiser, all had their say; and before unison could be arrived at among them the favorable hour had passed. One feels that Dr. Spahn's study is likely to remain an historical document of great value and is glad to recommend it to the thoughtful, in this the tenth year after Benedict XV's heroic effort to stave off universal catastrophe.

REINFORCED with ample appropriations, the Immigration Bureau is pouncing upon and rounding up aliens who have tiptoed their way into the country or have proved "undesirable" after arriving. There is good reason for carrying out this work, provided, of course, it is done sanely and fairly. But one is more than a little astonished at the number of cases involved. A group of 168 arrived in New York City and drew the attention of observant citizens. These were informed that "nothing unusual" was afoot, that the round-up was a "matter of routine." Criminals, rovers, victims of white-slave traffic, are reported as figuring in every shipment. What a subject for meditation it is—this human jetsam, seeping into the calm American harbor through minute and undetected channels! One recalls when a number of industries were glad to help just such folk into the country, so that they might assist in sundry labor difficulties. No doubt the national conscience is considerably sterner and more vigilant in this respect today. Let us hope, however, that it will not grow rabid and insufferably bureaucratic—unfortunately a possibility.

REPROACHES addressed to popular malpractice on the score of good taste generally meet with such bad luck that it is a comfort to see one coming from a quarter that cannot be overlooked, and buttressed by authority that is not to be lightly questioned. In a letter to the pastors and people of the Boston archdiocese anent the mawkish "hymns" of extra-ecclesiastical origin that have been allowed to creep into religious ser-

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vices, Cardinal O'Connell voices a grievance and scandal that The Commonweal on more than one occasion has had occasion to refer to in both editorial and correspondence columns. The specific example which His Eminence holds up to reprobation—the only too familiar doggerel entitled Beautiful Isle of Somewhere—may be an extreme case. But it is typical of others that offend only slightly less, which it is a common experience to hear sung or played as organ voluntaries at marriages and funerals, and for which the excuse generally offered is that they happen to be or to have been "favorites" with the bride or the departed. There are many hymns written by non-Catholics, such as Wesley's beautiful Pilgrims of the Night, so truly in line with Church tradition that their adoption into our own hymnology (very common in England) seems a pardonable lapse. It is quite clear that it is not of these that Boston's Cardinal is thinking, but of the "flagrant outrage to faith and the ritual" perpetrated when the treasure-house of the Church's own rubric "so noble, so sublime, and so divine" is set aside for the trash of the revival camp and "parlor service."

IN VIEW of the warm commendation of the work of the National Catholic Welfare Conference given by Pope Pius XI in his letter to the American hierarchy, one feature of the October issue of the N. C. W. C. Bulletin is of timely and particular interest. This is a two-page reproduction of a revised chart explaining the organization of the Conference and the functions of its several departments. It makes especially clear the manner in which the Conference acts in conjunction with lay organizations in matters of common interest. The October Bulletin is altogether an exceptional number. It also contains the full text of the letter of His Holiness to the bishops, and gives a complete report of the annual meeting of the hierarchy at which it was read. In addition, it publishes the entire program of the seventh annual convention of the National Council of Catholic men in Detroit, and the full plans for American Education Week.

TWO centenaries of unusual religious and humanistic interest have just been observed in Europe. The first is the anniversary of Fray Luis de Leon, noble Spanish poet, monk and mystical writer, and of it something will be said later on in these columns. The second is the tercentenary of Bishop Bossuet, whose memory still lives, regal and serene, to remind us of the many glories of France's seventeenth century. Few modern churchmen have so magnificently towered above their age. Bossuet was the spiritual adviser of French kings, literati and people; his influence was strong upon the Catholic revival that showed great promise, momentarily, in England, where John Dryden bowed to it; and in Germany Leibnitz greeted him as a worthy intellectual compeer, with whom excellent talk about the regeneration of Europe was possible. We have observed that some editorial comments have not failed to produce the old cliché that Bossuet is the "courtier churchman." It is sufficient to note, with the excellent René Doumic, that though the Bishop of Meaux was the master of a remarkable style and eloquence, he remained essentially a devotee of "sound sense" and a defender of definite principles which he considered true. "Bossuet," Doumic sharply reminds us, "paid so little attention to what did not contribute to the triumph of truth, that he always tossed aside the considerations of his private glory and fortune, and that though he was placed among many rivals he never figured in any intrigue." One must also remark that his first name was Jacques-Bénigne—not Jean-Jacques, as some careless scribes have written, thereby betraying what French author is nearest their comfortable pillows.

EVERYBODY has been taught that the velocity of light is 186,000 miles per second, which means that its pace is sufficient to take it round the earth seven times in that time. Actually the rate of speed is not 300,000 kilometres, as usually given for the sake of round numbers. In fact there is some discrepancy as to the precise pace, the last research of importance, that of Professor Michelson of the University of Chicago making it 299,796 kilometres per second. Now, however, Monsignor E. J. Gheury de Braye, in L'Astronomie, the official journal of the Astronomical Society of France, has published a startling paper in which he asserts that every year the pace of light decreases regularly by four kilometres per second. If true that discovery will completely upset the Einstein relativity ideas. They are based on the Michelson-Morley experiment which, in turn, rests on the velocity of light and assumes it to be absolute and unchanging—the very point now challenged.

JUDGING from published accounts of his remarks, Mr. Edwin Merton McBrier, moneyed citizen of Montclair, New Jersey, must have made a deep impression upon the members of the Men's Church League. This appears to be an interdenominational organization having for its purpose the grouping of laymen in the service of Protestant forms of belief. Mr. McBrier declared that he had time and money to devote to his church. He admitted, however, that he was forced to doubt whether a given check "is really going to do anything for God because of the machinery." In fact, he felt that matters were in such a state of chaos that getting anything done ecclesiastically was pretty much like trying to feed a gallant steed with separate wisps of hay. More remarkable than anything Mr. McBrier himself uttered, however, was the fact that his demand to "see some of the church problems solved in the way we solved problems in the Woolworth Company" was commented upon by Dr. J. Campbell White as follows: "We are only half out of the Roman Catholic era: we are priest-ridden; we are not a democracy yet, and this move-

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ment is to let laymen loose." It should have been obvious that the Woolworth Company was not precisely a democracy. At least one has never heard of the assembled sales-girls furnishing the board of directors with data. By comparison the Catholic Church may sometimes make financial mistakes—just as the Woolworth directors have erred—but it should be obvious that it has both machinery and somebody in control.

AMONG the Legion men who have visited France this summer, there must be some who cherished as an especial memory one or the other of the heartfelt talks addressed by the Bishop of Rockford to Catholic soldiers at the camp which suddenly appeared in his diocese. There was rare cordiality, priceless and sacrificial charity, in this ministry as in so much else that Bishop Muldoon undertook. He may be said to have remained always human, though always conscious of Divinity hedging him round. That is why the Church in the United States mourns his death so deeply and will miss him so much. Every bishop is, of course, primarily an apostle to those over whom he has been directly placed. But the great prelate we now salute after the hour of his passing knew also the vast general cares of the Church and the nation. More than anyone else, perhaps, he was responsible for the earnest concern with social principles and problems which characterized the vanguard of American Catholics during and after the war. As one of the four bishops who issued the widely known Program of Social Reconstruction, he devoted himself to the good work at the very beginning, served as chairman of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference as long as his health would permit, and encouraged every sound step in the direction of theoretic or practical social betterment. His life may well be a source of pride to all American citizens.

FAITHFUL to the best traditions of Saint Dominic's order, Father Bede Jarrett, preached a sermon at the cathedral in Leeds during the meeting of the British Association. It has been reprinted in Blackfriars and merits the attention of all who take interest in the debates of science. The following quotation needs some elucidation, but we shall give it as it is because of its suggestive value: "Darwin, patient and bewildered, lost his love of music and of literature in the hard quest for truth. He thought himself thereby stunted; but has not the same accusation of life's choice resulting in a starved spirit been made of the saints? You must lose your life to find it. You must renounce many things to win any noble treasure. You must have sacrificed the home in the valley to be able to walk in freedom on the hills. We owe gratitude, then, to the noble figure of Darwin, who at such cost to himself brought to us a finer glimpse of the world; for it was he more than any other scientist who has taught us that finer vision of a world subject to law at every point and behind law a fitting purpose. . . ."

BUILDING UP OUR PRESS

IN HIS letter to the members of the hierarchy of the United States, received while the archbishops and bishops were holding their annual meeting, Pope Pius XI, commending the National Catholic Welfare Conference, made particular mention of the Bureau of Immigration and the Press Department. When the Supreme Pontiff, surveying the world field of Catholic activities, singles out the N. C. W. C. News Service for praise, all Catholics may well feel proud.

For the agency directed so efficiently by Mr. Justin McGrath is exactly what it purports to be—a news service, pure and simple. It is not a propaganda bureau—a fact established beyond dispute by the assignment to it of two seats in the press gallery of Congress. To obtain membership in the gallery every correspondent and news-gathering agency has to meet the rigid demands of a special committee, and the chief of these is that the prospective member shall be clear of even suspicion of propaganda purposes.

Of the hundreds of thousands of readers of Catholic newspapers, comparatively few realize the full value of the line over all important despatches: "By N. C. W. C. News Service." It is doubtful if every Catholic editor fully appreciates the added prestige which is given to his publication by the frequent recurrence of this by-line. But there is not a big secular newspaper in the country that is not aware of its significance. An illustration will make this clear:

At the time of the trial in Moscow of Archbishop Zepliak and a number of Catholic priests, neither the Associated Press nor any other secular news agency was able to send out a single line of the testimony in the proceedings which were riveting the attention of the world. So eager were the large dailies for particulars of the case that when the N. C. W. C. News Service sent to all its subscribers a full report of every word spoken in the court room, the New York Times requested permission to use the most important features of the trial.

The correspondents of the Service, in Europe and elsewhere, are trained journalists of the highest standing and with wide knowledge of conditions in the countries they represent. Quite frequently they are able to correct erroneous reports of matters affecting Catholic interests sent to papers in the United States by correspondents who have been misled, or have accepted statements without investigating their truth.

It is not surprising that, with able direction and an adequate staff of writers and correspondents, the N. C. W. C. News Service has been a powerful agency in building up the Catholic press of the United States. When the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference was instituted by the bishops, there were less than twenty papers willing to subscribe for the Service; to-day there are eighty, including several weeklies founded in recent years because such a news-gathering agency made their existence possible.

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Nor is the direct, as well as the indirect, influence of the Service confined to this country. It includes among its members newspapers in England, Ireland, Australia, the Philippines and other foreign countries. So promptly is the news gathered and distributed that the editor of an English publication some time ago announced to his readers that most of the important news of Europe that he presented reached him more quickly by the N. C. W. C. News Service than directly from the capitals of European countries.

While many of the newspapers subscribing to the News Service are making the full use of this agency for Catholic advance, there are others which are not up to the standard of excellence which proper display of the news furnished from this source makes possible. It is probable that the National Council of Catholic Men will take up the question of actively cooperating with the newspapers of the various dioceses in improving the content and increasing circulation and influence. At a recent meeting of Catholic youth in Liège, attended by 60,000 delegates, it was resolved to appoint a Christian press committee in every parish, to encourage the reading of the regional Catholic paper and to make it a more powerful influence in the lives of working men.

The idea of building up a strong Catholic press by organizing the parishes on behalf of the work is an excellent one. It should appeal at once to the members of the National Council of Catholic Men and it is confidently to be expected that the National Council of Catholic Women, which has done and is doing so much for the home and the family, will eagerly seek a share in this extremely significant and vital work.

AN OLD SLANDER

REPETITION is always a disagreeable task. Used in debate it often imparts a suspicion of bad temper. To reiterate an argument in all the bareness of its old terms, and without buttressing it by freshly discovered fact necessarily implies that your opponent either did not hear it the first time, or chose, for his own nefarious purposes, to disregard it.

There are times, however, when this troublesome method is the only possible one, and it is not necessary that any implication of bad faith should adhere to its use. Public debaters and political speakers know the absolute necessity of repeating their phrases, and much of the dulness and tiresomeness which a receptive mind discovers in listening to them comes from the fact that other minds, less receptive, have either to be considered or sent empty away.

What is pardonable in the sort of loose debate that is recorded in the columns of the daily press on Monday and forgotten by Wednesday is rather less so when a statement whose absolute falsity has been proven to the hilt, makes its appearance again with all the suggestion that it is sound currency, in a book, written with at least an appeal for permanency. So long ago as December 17, 1924, under the uncompromising title of On the Trail of a Lie, The Commonweal had to deal with a singular instance of inexactness used in a letter sent to this review by Mr. John Jay Chapman the previous week. Those sufficiently interested may be referred to both letter and editorial. It is enough to say here that the great French Catholic journalist and advocate, Louis Veuillot, charged by M. Ferry, in a speech before the Chamber of Deputies, with having said: "When the liberals are in power we ask them for liberty, because it is their principle: when we are in power we refuse it to them, because it is not ours," treated the charge with the contempt it deserved, and with the good humor he always showed when personally attacked. But when the slander was repeated in exactly the same fashion, in 1911, again by a Cabinet minister, M. Maurice Faure, his heirs deemed it time the lie should be nailed to the counter. An inquiry, consented to by M. Faure and conducted by the Temps, then traced the famous "saying," through Montalembert, to a mere oratorical phrase put into the mouth of some imaginary Catholic statesmen by—Macaulay!

In its comment upon the historical question which Mr. Chapman's letter raised, The Commonweal asked that at least the same honest admission of having been mistaken should be made by contemporary antagonists of Catholic effort as was conceded to Veuillot's memory by his enemies when the inquiry was at an end. But it also permitted itself a few philosophical reflections upon the uncanny vitality of slanders, and expressed its own doubt whether any amount of disproof ever disposed of their power to do harm in the future.

How justified were its apprehensions in this particular case is proved by the emergence of the frayed libel without even a hint of its ever having received damage at the hands of truth, in a book by Albert C. Dieffenbach, entitled Religious Liberty, spick and span from the press. "He [Mr. Dieffenbach is speaking of the 'irony' which 'the ardent patriot and the intelligent believer' finds 'bitter to be borne'] has been warned of that witty and sinister saying attributed to the papist [sic] pamphleteer, Louis Veuillot, at the end of the empire and the rise of the French republic. . . . 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'when you are in power, we claim liberty in the name of your principles: when we are in power, we refuse it to you in the name of our own.' "

In a forthcoming issue we hope to review Mr. Dieffenbach's contribution to religious history with the care its merits deserve. Meantime we are by no means inviting him to become a subscriber to The Commonweal. But we do humbly invite him and other writers who take history for their province, before making themselves distributing agencies for intellectual darkness, to address themselves to the same sources of first-hand information which were open to us three years ago, and to cease contributing to the discredit which a whole school of historians-in-a-hurry is casting upon American scholarship and accuracy.

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THE AMERICAN PRESS AND MEXICO

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

(The comments made by The Commonweal in its main editorial article last week concerning the strange silence of the American press on the religious persecution in Mexico find strong confirmation in the following article by Francis McCullagh, a British journalist, whose report of the trial of Archbishop Cieplak in Moscow in March, 1923, was one of the outstanding newspaper achievements of recent years. He is also author of a book entitled The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity. The Commonweal is presenting this article simultaneously with its publication, in lengthier form, in the National Review, of London.—The Editors.)

THE American press prides itself on letting the limelight of publicity penetrate into every nook and cranny of public life. Nevertheless it maintains a strange silence about Mexico, although that country has reached such a condition that sometimes an impartial foreign observer like myself cannot help asking himself: "Are we witnessing the break-up of a nation?"

Of this condition I myself was an eye-witness during the six weeks that I have just spent in Mexico. I traveled through the country "on my own," in the same way as I traveled through Bolshevik Russia in 1920.

I found that the critical condition of the country was admitted by all the foreign diplomats, and especially by the American diplomats. I was shown incontrovertible proofs of general disintegration, chaos, murder, misgovernment, and unbelievable financial corruption. Those proofs I shall try to present here in a few words. And, incredible as the picture may seem to be, it is weak and neutral in comparison with the lurid canvas which exists in the American embassy at Mexico City, in the State Department at Washington, in the British Foreign Office, in every foreign office in Europe, and in the private offices of the great newspaper owners here in New York.

For once in the amazing history of the American press you have the New York reporter telling a much more restrained and dignified story than that which is told by the elderly, sedate diplomat—and by fact itself! You have in Mexico City, American "newsgatherers" with a talent for irresponsible writing and a thirst for the sensational, sending dull and monotonous narratives of events south of the Rio Grande, wiring descriptions of presidential election meetings which (judging from these descriptions) seem to have been so irreproachably correct and stagnant that, in comparison with them, the dullest county council meeting that ever sat in Shropshire would seem riotous and even revolutionary. And, on the other hand, you have old, experienced and scholarly diplomats, men with an ingrained habit of under-statement and a professional hatred of journalistic exaggeration, writing secret despatches calculated to make the flesh creep.

In Mexico, the Catholic churches are all closed; those who go to Mass in private houses are frequently arrested by the police, to be released on the payment of fines which provide something for the government and about five thousand dollars weekly of private graft for certain police officials.

Even the government statistics show an alarming decrease in the population, already most dangerously small. President Calles is robbing foreigners and Mexican land-owners of their land, for the sake (he says) of the workman and the peon. But the workman and the peon are rushing out of the country like people escaping from a house on fire. According to Mexican statistics, Mexicans are leaving Mexico at the rate of 5,000 per day.

There are now 3,000,000 Mexicans permanently established in the southern part of the United States and their places are being taken by Japanese and Chinese. Thirty-three Japanese families landed at Manzanillo while I was on the Mexican west coast: they are to colonize the hacienda of Estranzuela in Jalisco and other haciendas in adjoining states. Twenty-seven Japanese families were due shortly.

In some places there are more Orientals than Mexicans; in Mexicali, for example, there are 7,000 Chinese to only 4,000 Mexicans. President Calles tried hard to get Jewish agricultural colonists, and managed to get fifty Jewish families from Europe; but no sooner did they have a look around, than they all disappeared in the direction of the United States.

The law of the ejidos, enabling any set of ruffians to carve a choice bit out of an expensively irrigated and developed ranch, and the agrarian law permitting the confiscation of part of the ranch, have ruined agriculture.

The C. R. O. M., the Mexican Federation of Labor, under the Bolshevik operation which Calles imposes upon it through his Secretary of Commerce, Labor and Industry, Luis N. Morones, strangles all transport, commerce and manufacturing.

Every Mexican recognizes the imminence of a dreadful crisis. Callista and conservative alike, when they are able to do so, have sent their families and their funds to the safety of the United States. The hotels of Los Angeles and San Antonio are filled with Mexican guests and the American banks are bursting with Mexican money. Many of Calles's own relatives, and much of his own fortune, are north of the border.

Mines are closing down all over Chihuahua and Durango. Oil production is falling off. In June, 1926, it was 9,400,000 barrels, in June, 1927, it was 5,500,000 barrels, though the production should have been doubled instead of halved. Owing to the operation of the Ley de Estranjeria, the breath of life which

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American enterprise breathed into the Mexican west coast is leaving it, and the land reclaimed from the Sonora desert is reverting to primitive wildness.

I do not maintain, of course, that there has been absolute silence in the press, for on several occasions a corner of the curtain was lifted. But on such occasions there was always some unseen but agitated interference from behind that curtain—and the corner was hastily dropped again.

In Mexico City, where there is not a single British journalist, the United States has only one regular correspondent, and, unfortunately, he writes for the New York World, a paper which constantly takes the part of Calles against Coolidge and of the Mexicans against Americans. In consequence this correspondent has a double reason for caution—the Mexican censor and his own editor. He has already been expelled once, and is determined not to send news that will lead to his expulsion again.

Until very recently there was another American correspondent in Mexico City—a Mr. Joseph de Courcy, of the New York Times; but though he was extremely cautious, he was summarily kicked out on August 12, after having been arrested and lodged in a cell whose walls were pitted with bullet-holes (it had evidently been used as a place of execution). When a member of the American embassy tried to see him, the police denied that he had been arrested. The embassy, the State Department, and the New York Times bore the insult with touching humility.

Apart from the one regular (but muzzled) correspondent, there are of course the usual news agencies which, as in other countries, accept official news and circulate it without examination.

If a Massachusetts missionary is captured by brigands on the Acroceraunian mountains, or if the Esthonian navy fires a salute of only nineteen instead of twenty-one guns in honor of the American representative at Reval, or if there is one star missing in the American flag displayed at the Quai d'Orsay on the occasion of Colonel Lindbergh's official reception at Paris, the United States will want to know how such things are possible; but if Mexico confiscates a half-million acres reclaimed from the wilderness by mere American farmers, or the Governor of Puebla has French families slaughtered in order that he may seize their land, then the State Department strikes a sphynx-like attitude and America's one panic-stricken correspondent in Mexico City is warned to say nothing.

Some time ago Mr. Thomas Ybarra, an American journalist, was sent to Mexico by one of the leading American newspapers, and began a series of articles on the situation. Having a perfect command of Spanish, he was able to get a perfectly true picture; and, being an honest writer, he started to paint that picture candidly in a series of articles. The first one appeared exactly as it had been written. A corner of the curtain had thus been lifted. But then took place the amazing performance which I have already described, and which has taken place more than once under similar circumstances. There was a mysterious scuffle behind the scenes, the corner of the curtain went down suddenly. There was an interval of silence, after which the rest of the papers began to appear. But how different from the first one! They had been rewritten, and so severely edited that they might all have been taken from some placid old guide-book.

Who is responsible for this general muzzling order? Part of the responsibility is due, I think, to the anxiety of the Republican party's managers to avoid any foreign complications which might ruffle the smooth surface of American prosperity, and thus interfere with Mr. Coolidge's chances of reëlection. Even now, though Mr. Coolidge does not "choose" to run, the same policy prevails among the managers of the party machine. Those astute men realize the advantage they have in a Republican legend of peace and prosperity, especially if a Democrat gets into the White House next year and plunges into a Mexican war.

Part of the responsibility is due to high finance; there are financiers in Wall Street who are getting interest from Mexico and can offer powerful opposition to any exposure of the Mexican situation. There are American land-owners who have Mexican ranches that are not touched by the agrarian law—as the estates of Calles himself, of his sons, and his generals, and of Obregon, are not touched by it.

Finally, the State Department, which tried, so ineptly, to raise an anti-Mexican storm here last winter, has now gone to the opposite extreme. Not only has it prevented attacks on Calles from appearing in the American press, it has actually prevented them from appearing in the European press! This latter fact I discovered while negotiating the sale of a series of articles on Mexico to the representatives in America of great foreign newspapers. These men told me bluntly that what I said was true, but that they could not afford to offend the State Department. The curious part of the story is that all the American consuls and diplomats who are now in Mexico, or who recently were in Mexico, take exactly the same view of the Mexican problem as I take in this article.

But religion, of course, plays an important part in producing the journalistic reticence to which I have alluded. In the United States, the religious issue, that is, the good old Protestant versus Catholic issue, is as strong today as it is in Belfast. America is protestant (in the same sense as England is) and that fact has always strongly tinged her relations with Mexico. For the last century she hailed with joy the appearance in Mexico of any "liberal" and anti-clerical leader, just as England (from whom she inherited her prejudices against "dagoes" and Catholics) hailed with joy the appearance of Garibaldi. Save in the time of Porfirio Diaz, she invariably helped such anti-clericals because she honestly believed that if Mexico only became Protestant, all the ills from which she suffered would at once be cured. Moreover, if Mexico became Prot-

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estant, there would no longer be any danger of her setting up a monarchical system of government, dangerous to her great northern neighbor. Consequently the United States allowed Mexican "liberals" and anti-clericals to launch revolution from Texas and Arizona, but she sternly prevented Mexican conservatives from doing so. She raised the arms embargo in favor of Juarez, Madero and Carranza, but she slammed it firmly on Victoriano Huerta, on Adolfo de la Huerta, on Felix Diaz and on the Mexican conservatives who are at present engaged in gun-running along America's southern border.

Such being the prejudices of Protestant America, neither Mr. Coolidge nor any of the great newspapers will publish the whole truth about Mexico. The Methodist organization alone is extremely strong, well-organized, wealthy and influential; and it is entirely in favor of Calles. The Catholics of the United States tried hard to rouse public opinion; they raised $1,000,000 to assist them in doing so; but this only made the editors of great non-Catholic newspapers more obstinate in their silence. One of those editors told me that he resented the attempt that was being made to bring about intervention in Mexico.

But what of the radical journals in America? Strange to say, it was from one of them, the New Republic (August 17, 1927) that the worst attack on President Calles came; but the American radical press is not prepared for such a strange state of things. Calles professes to be a radical, and, if the capitalistic papers refrain from attacking him, there is all the more reason why the radical papers should refrain.

"But," I hear the reader ask with a malicious chuckle, "what about oil?"

Some of the American oil barons in Mexico are undoubtedly rich, corrupt, powerful, and extremely unscrupulous, but those very qualities make the American public distrust them, as a section of the British public twenty-eight years ago distrusted the gold barons of the Rand. The Doheney scandal and the tales that filter north about the crime and corruption in American circles in Tampico, and about the loose lives led by some of the Mexican clergy, have helped to bar most American newspapers to Mexican news. It does not, however, excuse the editors who have repeatedly sent trusted members of their staff to Mexico, but afterward refused to publish their articles, because they condemned the Calles régime.

Last but not least, the American newspaper reader is "tired" of Mexico.

There are still other causes, which I have not time to analyze; but here I might say that this hush-hush policy is not only un-American, pettifogging and unworthy of a great nation, but it is also dangerous. Indeed, it is extremely dangerous, because of the Bolshevik and anti-American turn which events have taken in Mexico during the last six months. I have been traveling for the last two years in Central and South America, and my conclusion is that in Central America, at all events, the Russo-Mexican poison is working so well that all these little republics may go red within a few years. And it will not be the ordinary Latin-American revolution this time. It will be an economic Bolshevik revolution, entailing partial expropriation of foreign property—as in Mexico. Nicaragua was a foretaste. The United States was able to deal with Nicaragua, but she will not be able to put out the flames, if they involve a dozen republics at once, and are encouraged by the very large, powerful and wealthy army of pacifist cranks who are becoming as strong in the United States as the prohibitionists.

You fear lest even a stiff note should lead to expense and annoyance, or should affect the markets and lose you, perhaps, several hundred thousand dollars. But this is a "penny wise, pound foolish" policy, bad even in a small New England store, and fatal in the government of a great nation. The result of your inaction may be a conflagration involving the loss of the three billion dollars' worth of investments which you have in Latin America and perhaps of another three billion dollars spent by you on the naval and military measures necessitated by this situation.

The situation in Mexico is very different in many ways, of course, from the situation in China, but these two countries have one thing in common—huge foreign investments. Taught by Moscow, the Chinese have discovered that the confiscation of these investments is not only possible but can be justified by texts from Karl Marx, and converted into an act of heroic patriotism by the waving of the nationalistic flag, and that it will be applauded by various humanitarian and religious associations in the country whose nationals are thus plundered.

There are three billions of American dollars in Latin America, and poor old effete, much-lectured Europe is not likely to help Uncle Sam to keep hold of them. Moreover, Europe has been sternly warned off by the United States, which undertook, in effect, to protect European interests in South America since she will not let Europe do so herself. But the United States is powerless to keep that implied undertaking even in Mexico where, during the last ten years, there have been innumerable outrages on Europeans and much confiscation of European property. Europe has said nothing officially because she owed America money, was otherwise occupied, and saw that the American in Mexico was more neglected by Washington than the European. But Europeans whispered among themselves some extremely pungent (though unofficial) comments.

Now the matter has got beyond the whispering stage, and the European diplomats accredited to the Court of Chapultepec are becoming genuinely alarmed at the prospect of Mexico's example being followed by all Central America. The powder-train is being lighted in Mexico, while Uncle Sam looks with determination in another direction. For America, the year 1927 is assuredly the calm before the storm.

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THE THEATRE AT OSTIA

II. THE GREEK PLAYS

By HARVEY WICKHAM

WHEN, on May 28, the ancient Roman theatre at Ostia reopened after its sixteen centuries of lethargy, it was with the performance of The Seven Against Thebes, of Aeschylus, followed, as the festival progressed, by the Antigone, of Sophocles, and Aristophanes's The Clouds.

That Greek plays should be chosen for a restored Roman theatre is a natural tribute to the cultural source of early Roman greatness—so natural as to appear, at first glance, lacking in significance. Unless some of the lost dramas believed to lie buried in the private libraries of Herculaneum (now in process of excavation) should be discovered in readable condition, the works of neither Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides nor Aristophanes offer any material that is particularly novel.

But there is this difference between a Greek play seen at the replica of an old theatre, say at Berkeley, California, and one given in the authentic restorations at Syracuse, Pompeii or Ostia. In the first case the production is, of necessity, a purely academic matter. In the other it is more like the beginnings of reforestation in an area which once was shaded by the same species of tree. It promises wide-spread results.

I happen to have seen Greek plays at Berkeley, and in comparing the performances there with those at Ostia, the first fact which impresses me is that at Berkeley every attempt was made to carry one back to Greece. The ancient tongue was used, and the theatre there, save in type of material, is an exact reproduction of its Greek model. At Ostia, on the contrary, the players spoke Italian, the vernacular of their audience. And while one was certainly taken back to ancient times, there was no geographical pilgrimage imposed on the spirit. One remained, figuratively as well as literally, less than an hour's drive from Rome. Even the feeling of antiquity was due chiefly to the genuine age of the surroundings. On the stage everything progressed in an essentially modern—at times even futuristic—atmosphere.

There were no machines, and, save in the Aristophanes production, no masks. In a preceeding paper I have spoken of the perpendicular masses of cubist design which towered as a temporary structure above the sharply slanted, stair-like stage. The festival is therefore to be considered as the foster-mother of an art possibly to come, rather than as a purely antiquarian enterprise.

That the effects were always happy would be too much to claim. Skilful as was much of the coreography produced under the direction of Valeria Kratina, and vividly as some of the dancing groups occasionally suggested a bit of ancient frieze come to life, it can hardly be denied that the Greek dances are almost as completely lost as is the music which once accompanied them. Such technique as would be required to realize the rhythms, the poses, sustained or melting one into another, of which we seem to catch glimpses in the sculptured stones that furnish our only clue to their once marvelously living reality—such technique is possessed today only by the best Russian dancers, and they have been developed along lines rendering them almost useless for the re-creating of an art which was formerly, doubtless, among the wonders of the world. But a people that produced Phidias, Praxitiles and Plato, that contrived the proportions of its temples so as to correct the distortions undergone by rigidly geometrical forms in certain perspectives, which recognized (theoretically at least) intervals less than the half tone in its music, can hardly have danced in a way even to suggest Maud Allan or Isadora Duncan. And that is precisely what "Greek" dances today invariably do. Italy still waits for the inventive genius who will gather together such hints of this lost art as remain, and weld them together into a new prosody of motion in keeping with the lofty themes which must be expressed. O who will show the nobler part of human nature as vividly to our eye as Nijinski has shown the goat!

In music, too, we are somewhat at a loss. At Ostia that for the tragedies was by Giuseppe Mulè, beautiful, but tainted with the mock heroics of grand opera. That for the comedy was especially composed by the living Roman maestro, Giuseppe Savagnone. And it was to be noted that strictly modern music (not jazz) often seems to sound more Greek than that of the more romantic epoch of a few years ago. But as this article is not intended as either dramatic or musical criticism, I mention these details only for their bearing upon the main theme—the idea behind this revival of ancient drama upon Italian soil.

For, as the restoration of the theatre at Ostia is no isolated phenomenon, but a single illustration of that glorification of the past which marks the new Italian régime, so, too, this Ostian festival is one of a series and part of a widespread movement.

The players belong to the Italian National Institute of Ancient Drama. They have recently played at Syracuse and at Pompeii, and will soon have a yet more extended circuit, as other long-neglected ruins are brought by the state's archaeologists into a condition for practical use. The fact that no irksome and merely purist restraint is imposed upon the sufficient historical accuracy of the presentations indicates that

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this is a practical enterprise, whose chief object is to make these dramas intelligible and enjoyable to the average citizen—that, and to inspire the Italian author with examples germane to his own history. By this same route he may yet be brought face to face with the mediaeval mystery play and arrive at a true literary renaissance. What might have been the concern merely of scholars becomes thus a factor in contemporary culture. Not many of us understand ancient Greek. Everybody in Italy understands the language used to present these Greek masterpieces.

As to understanding the masterpieces themselves, that is another matter. They are world famous. And yet I have sometimes felt (the thought has come with special force when I was reading in American public libraries) that an actual conspiracy is on foot not to make them clear but to wrap all old pagan art, philosophy and religion in an impenetrable mystery. The method generally used is, paradoxically, that of keeping all hint of mystery out of their exposition.

Certainly the Puritan, in his earlier days at least, had a mystery of his own. Those who fancy that the Reformation was purely political are as blind in their reading of history as are those who conceive of it as a genuine religious reform—and are guilty of the additional error of supposing that an enormous social upheaval can take place with no vital force at its back. Some of the followers of Luther did indeed attempt to throw all the essentials of religion overboard, but their no-Popery zeal was not at once successful. Here and there a mystical doctrine remained even in the non-conformist chapel to act as a ferment, delaying the petrifying processes of schism—and often raising peculiar havoc from its uncontrolled, asymmetrical swelling.

But the Puritan began to acquire a distaste for the miraculous from the moment he repudiated the miracle of a Church which was not a mere building on the one hand or the temple of his individual notions on the other. Hence his degradation of sacrament after sacrament to mere symbol or allegory. Hence his eventual dislike for symbolism and allegory themselves. And now, as he finally arrives at neo-paganism—which is neither new nor pagan, but an old, old disease marked by the hardening of the arteries of the soul self-deprived of the life-blood of conscious communion with God—he would like to rewrite all history in the image of himself.

No wonder, then, that the Greeks, whose intuitional perceptions of Deity were often nothing short of marvelous, are painted by their most accessible commentators as believers in a mythology which is not even a collection of fairy tales, so devoid does it seem of any inner sense; or else, together with the Egyptians, Chinese and Hindus, they are craftily exalted (here we see the hand of the true modernist reviving an outworn heresy) as the supposed originators of Christian doctrine.

Take, for instance, those ubiquitous volumes, The Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Therein it is said of Sophocles: "The play, according to his conception, is a mode of holding up the mirror to human nature." And of Euripides, anent his habit of closing dramas by interference on the part of supernatural powers or by a prophecy: "It is difficult to see why [he] so frequently made this histrionic appeal to divine agency." And the other exegetists of the series confine themselves to technical discussions of the art of exposition, quite in the manner of a treatise on How to Write Short Stories. All of which is in harmony with the general determination of our Protestant universities to interpret the classics in such a way as to rob them of their value.

For Greek drama was religious, an allegorical comment upon God's dealings with man, or it was nothing. If only human nature was understood to be behind the Oedipus myth, if Jove was nothing but an irascible, lecherous old man elevated as nearly as possible to the sky by the iron arm of a crane, then we might better drop these Greeks at once and turn to Pirandello and to Em Jo Basshe.

At Ostia, however, the supernatural implications are so obvious that not even a Joyce could fail to see them.

A trumpet sounds behind the scenes, as if Parsifal were the bill. It is, in fact, The Seven Against Thebes, first performed in 467 B. C., third of that Aeschylian trilogy of which Laiüs and Oedipus are the others. Eleocles (Fulvio Bernini) elder son of a blind king (who in punishment for injuries received has laid upon his offspring the curse of dissension) comes down the steep gradients of this curious stage. The chorus, in eloquent costumes, groups itself on either side. One knows that Eleocles has broken his oath to his younger brother, Polynices, by the terms of which the two were to have divided the kingdom by reigning over it in alternate years. An unlikely arrangement. What does it mean?

For one thing it means an attempt to avoid the curse, an attempt which might have been successful if faithfully carried out. But as the play unfolds we catch glimpses of a deeper intent. This is no mere political compromise which has come to grief. No. The things which later were to be spoken of as the things which are Caesar's—it is they which were to have been rendered to their rightful owner, and the things which are God's unto God. That arrangement, too, has fallen through. The wronged brother, with an army commanded by six other chieftans, is besieging the seven gates of the city. What is this city? Is it Thebes merely?

A messenger arrives, giving Eleocles news of the progress of the battle. Prayers are offered to the gods. Soldiers are sent to defend one threatened spot after another. Their women lament. The chorus offers its incomparable comment. A small, very modern orchestra makes hidden music. This is not Thebes merely. It is a rebel soul resisting the seven-fold ap-

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peal of the Divine. Eleocles suffers, but is stubborn. One by one the messenger describes the various captains. More and more soldiers are sent against them. Then comes the portrait of the last captain of all, the brother, Polynices.

Why does Eleocles now cry out, don his own armor, and rush personally to the combat? Obviously because this brother is but a part of himself dramatically personified as a separate being. Here also is the personification of the spirits of good and evil, of that philosophy of duality running through all Greek thought —for it is characteristic of this ancient symbolism that its figures are not fixed. They pass from meaning to meaning like the metaphors of Dante. They are never, as in a John Bunyan allegory, mere labels for qualities.

So Eleocles goes in despair to fight, body to body, brother to brother. He has discovered treachery indeed. How can the soul hold out when it is itself divided in its rebellion? It does not hold out. Both brothers are slain. The lament over their bodies is the high point of the play, and was more beautifully and anciently done than anything else, perhaps, in the whole Ostian festival. For at last the players lost all traces of their naturalism, became formal, august, mere mouthpieces for a dialogue having nothing to do with the flesh.

And right here the greatness of Christ's gift to the world was made manifest through the shadow of its absence. What had happened was the surrender of a soul to God, the complete annihilation of self. But instead of rejoicing there was lamentation—beautiful lamentation, sweetened by all the consolations of philosophy—but lamentation nevertheless, the lovely, poetic gropings of human genius, confused by the decrees of fate, all but lost in the mists of ignorance and despair, with hope and understanding but as a faint pallor upon the horizon of things to come.

The Antigone of Sophocles, which followed, carries on, dramatically speaking, the same plot, its action beginning at the point where that of The Seven leaves off. The new king, Creon (enacted by Gualtiero Tumiati) has denied burial to the body of Polynices. And Antigone (Marie Laetitia Celli) unwilling that her brother should remain dishonored, provides a tomb in defiance of all authority, thus condemning herself to be inhumed alive.

It is a drama not inappropriate in these days when excessive nationalism seems sometimes to threaten the moral rights of the individual, for it is a struggle between conscience and the civil government. But, being by another author, it does not continue exactly the spiritual plot of the preceding work. It presents an altogether different problem. Yet here, too, the supersensual intent, and the poverty of the final solution, the blind horror of the grave lighted by no incarnate Redeemer but only by instinctive premonitions of His coming, makes itself felt. And for comment upon the shortcomings of Greek philosophy in general, we had Aristophanes's The Clouds, with its indescribably witty dialogue between the Just and the Unjust Argument—to the absurd triumph of the latter.

But what I seemed to see throughout the festival was this sewing of the seed of a new Italian drama, and through it of a world drama, which shall once more have spiritual life, like its great predecessor, and yet be rid of the invincible ignorance of paganism. Are the Italians aware of what is being done for them?

Probably not. But the respectful attention given by the pilgrims to Ostia was at least indicative of a more receptive spirit than that which seems to have prevailed in the Roman theatre of earlier times. According to Gino Messano, who has made a special study of the subject, the good old days of "the breasts of the nymph in the brake" were not so good after all. He says:

> Notwithstanding the efforts of the police, the ancient performances were interfered with by the hubbub of a bawling and disorderly crowd. The lowering of the fore-curtain, indicating the beginning of the piece, was not enough to bring quiet. Nor was the entrance of the prologue (the star, the comic, or a special actor, carrying in his hand a flowering branch) ready to announce the title of the drama, the names of the authors and the actors, the date of the first representation, the theme and its lessons—interspersed, often enough, with polemics hurled against enemies, public and private. Nor was the entrance of the ballet of mimes sufficient, or the musical accompaniment of the flutist preceding the rising of the second curtain—the veil which covered the scene and was composed itself of little curtains, or tendine. Not even the beginning of the action sufficed to stop the uproar.

One chattered, it seems, and shouted at the top of the lungs in the audience. Children screamed in the arms of their nurses. The matrons and the hetairai moved about to make themselves noticed and admired. The people greeted the entrance of well-known persons with salacious sarcasms and persiflage. Late comers, unable to find places, denounced those already seated, provoking minor combats. The sellers of drinks and toys ascended and descended the gradients, offering and exalting their wares in no uncertain tones.

Then there was the confusion of the moving machines, used to show the gods or the heroes in their celestial dwellings, to reveal the inside of the scene (of a city or house) and to make appear and disappear the inferior deities and heroes of the subterranean regions. No wonder that conventional masks and costumes were used to indicate the plot to the eye; that huge earthen pots were placed at strategic points to act as resonators; and that actors were selected primarily for their possession of bull-like voices.

The government of Italy perhaps did well to go back to Greece for the dramatic antitypes of the new order of things. Much flourished in pagan Rome which it would be sad indeed to revive. And perhaps a part of the harmony achieved in the midst of the perpendicular, cubist masses of the stage was due to their subtile suggestion of Christian Gothic.

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SPENDING THE FARM ON A CAR

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

IN THE small Virginia community where I have been sojourning for several months, there lives a hard-headed, somewhat hard-boiled, dirt-farmer friend of mine, of a rather old-fashioned type, who insists that the farm loan banks established under the aegis of the federal government during the past ten years are the undoing of the American farmer.

"They have made it too easy for him to borrow money," he claims. "Every last one of them now has the habit. The greatest trouble is that they don't spend the money on their farms. They spend it on automobiles and in beauty parlors. The women are worse than the men."

On the other hand, seven miles away lives another hard-headed, old-fashioned dirt-farmer who appeared before the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives last spring and insisted that the farm loan banks were still controlled by Wall Street and the money power, and that, if these banks were turned over to the farmer more completely, interest rates would be further lowered and the farmer could get more credit. One has the advantage of a choice of opinions. However there is undoubtedly a feeling among bankers and many business men in rural communities that credit is now too easy for the farmer, and that, in many cases, it is working to his detriment.

It is beyond cavil, of course, that the Federal Farm Loan Banks, the Joint Stock Land Banks and the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks have made a profound impression not only upon rural credits but upon the entire rural life of the United States. The statement of condition of these banks on June 30 of this year—the close of the fiscal year—shows that the Federal Farm Loan Banks had loaned farmers, in the course of their ten-year history, a total of $1,386,822,317. The Joint Stock Land Banks had loaned a total of $724,312,995 in a somewhat shorter time. The loans placed by these two systems of land banks since they commenced business reach the rather staggering total of $2,111,135,300. They have served, in all, 542,364 farmer-borrowers. The Intermediate Credit Banks, from the time they commenced business, in 1923, to the close of 1926, had loaned a total of $488,616,660. The Federal Farm Loan Banks had, in effect, at the close of the last fiscal year, mortgage loans on farms to the value of $1,130,647,908; the Joint Stock Land Banks had loans, in effect, to the value of $607,516,797, or loans to the total of $1,738,164,705 held by the two systems. The Intermediate Credit Banks had loans, in effect, to the amount of $65,051,262, having loaned a total of $176,446,510 to farmers through various agencies during the last calendar year. One might continue with other such figures to indicate the enormous growth and present financial importance of these institutions. On the face of the returns, the American farmer certainly has been well served by these new "instrumentalities of the government," as they are termed in the constituting acts of Congress.

Nevertheless, the mortgage loans on farms held by the two mortgage loan concerns, wrongly termed "banks" by Congress, since they do no real banking business, amounts to only something like 15 percent of the more than ten-billion-dollar mortgage burden carried by American farms. The loans made by the Intermediate Credit Banks are probably no more than a corresponding percentage of the loans made by ordinary commercial banks upon crops or other similar collateral for the better financing of the harvesting and marketing needs of the farmers. The great mass of farm credit in various forms is still held by the old-time mortgage loan agencies, the great insurance companies, trust companies and other financial concerns, including a vastly increased amount held by national and other commercial banks, as well as private lenders. Whatever the situation as regards farm loans may be, it is evident that the new government-regulated concerns are responsible for only their proper share.

On the face of the record, there is nothing to indicate that the money borrowed by farmers in the past few years has been frittered away on automobiles and joy rides, or in beauty parlors, any more than at any other time in financial farm history. It is known that 79 percent of the loans placed by the Joint Stock Land Banks, and 65 percent of the loans placed by the Federal Land Banks, were placed for the purpose of paying off mortgages already carried upon the land—in other words, for refunding the loans made on land for three- to five-year terms at high rates of interest in the course of the inflation period during the last years of the war and the post-war time into the low-interest, long-period amortization system afforded by the government land banks. Of the loans of the two types of land banks, 6 and 12 percent, respectively, were for the payment of other debts. This does not leave much of a margin for joy riding.

However, it is quite possible that the records of the land banks are not altogether conclusive in this respect. In the first place, the lowering of interest rates and other mortgage service burdens on the land has undoubtedly released a considerable margin of the income of farmers for use in other lines—use which, although it does not, strictly speaking, amount to spending the farm on a car, may yet be properly charged as an indirect result of the farm loan bank systems. It requires only a superficial review of the results of the establishment of these systems to realize that it is precisely here, and in the Intermediate Credit

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Banks that the truth of the situation must be sought. Ten years ago, when the first land bank was established, rates of 8 percent and 10 percent for interest on farm loans were not uncommon in various parts of the country, and 6 percent and 7 percent were quite usual in the best sections. Loans were for from three to five years, there was no provision for amortization, and partial payments were limited to considerable amounts on interest dates and were not welcome; the original placement of the loan and all renewals were accompanied by charges for commissions and fees which increased the burden of the loan materially, and in case of doubt all things were decided against the farmer. He was accounted guilty, whatever the charge may have been—in short, he was the goat. Often sufficient funds for the pressing legitimate needs of agriculture were not available. In some sections these unfavorable conditions were so accentuated as to be almost insupportable. It was to overcome this real handicap to agriculture that the coöperative and other land banks were finally established by Congress, after years of agitation and investigation, and in response to political and economic pressure which could no longer be resisted.

The inauguration of the land bank system at once brought interest rates on farm mortgage loans down to 5 and 5.5 percent in practically all parts of the United States. The establishment of the Intermediate Credit Banks in 1923 reduced interest rates on crop and other farm collateral loans to similar levels. The insurance companies, trust companies and other loaning agencies were compelled, in renewing loans or placing new loans, to meet these rates, and in time they have been compelled to introduce the amortization system in their loans, to do away with or materially reduce commissions and similar charges, and otherwise to afford the farmer-borrower something like the service offered by the new land banks.

The result of the whole readjustment, in short, has been the introduction of competitive conditions which have revolutionized the entire farm mortgage loan business of the United States. Not only has the farmer been enabled to secure loans on his farm with a minimum of difficulty and a pledge of the least security possible consistent with reasonable safety, but credit in other lines has been correspondingly liberalized. The Intermediate Credit Banks were established in 1923 to afford the farmer credit intermediate between the long-term farm mortgage amortization loan and the short-term commercial collateral loan usually limited to ninety days, i. e., to afford him credit of from six months to three years on crops, products and similar collateral, not only for the usual harvesting period but also to enable him to carry crops over considerable time until they can be disposed of to best advantage. These Intermediate Credit Banks have operated more generally through coöperative marketing associations, but, for all that, the credit service to more than a million farmers thus served has been direct and vital. Not only have they served the farmer in this direct manner, but the fact that these Intermediate Credit Banks have been ready to loan money upon the terms and security indicated has influenced ordinary commercial banks to lend more freely and upon better terms upon crops and similar collateral, in view of the fact that the Intermediate Credit Banks are ready to rediscount this farm paper for them in case of necessity.

In the matter of farm mortgage loans, a still more important phase of the situation merits consideration. In spite of the great reduction in interest rates and the decreased profit in farm mortgage loans, the large insurance companies, trust companies and other mortgage loan agencies still find it necessary to place a large part of their reserves and other long-term investment funds in such loans. The accumulative result of all these conditions is that, whereas a few years ago farmers were compelled to seek loans on more or less onerous terms, these companies are now compelled to do the seeking, and farmers are actually being solicited for loans. Loanable funds are being urged upon him. Terms are largely of his own making. It was the declared object of the government in the organization of the land banks that they should put the farmers of the country upon an equality of opportunity with industry in credit facilities. These institutions have certainly accomplished this object, for under conditions now obtaining agriculture in all parts of the country is at least as well served with credit as industry—in many parts of the country it is better served.

Under the circumstances it is no occasion for wonder that there is question as to what use the average farmer is making of the credit facilities now afforded him. Many farmers with mortgages on their holdings —the special census in 1925 showed that one-third of the farms operated by their owners carry mortgages averaging 41.9 percent of their value—are now paying less in interest and amortization than they formerly paid in interest alone, and congratulate themselves on the fact that twenty years or so from now they will be in a position where they will have had the money and will have the farm as well. This encouraging assurance with most of them, however, is merely an excuse for carrying more loans on the farms. There has always been a tendency among a large proportion of the farmers of the United States to anticipate the unearned increment on their land; to carry as much of a mortgage as the land would bear in interest and other carrying charges, using the proceeds of loans in the purchase of more land, of machinery or live stock; and to count upon ultimate profit in the advancement of land values. In most parts of the country, the collapse in land values has put a crimp in the idea of such profit for some time to come, though doubtless many farmers buying land at low cost during the present depression will ultimately realize such a profit when land values recover.

In the meantime, the old tendency to borrow as much as the land will bear is still in evidence. There is no

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question but that an increasingly large proportion of the additional funds thus secured have gone into automobiles and plain frippery. The jazz age has affected the farmer and the farmer's wife and daughter as much as it has any other residents of the United States. High school and other local taxes, the high cost of living generally, the unsettling of conditions by the war and its aftermath, the increasing difficulty of making both ends meet on the farm as well as in city life, have led to a certain degree of demoralization, and fewer farmers are making an effort to get out of debt. The long-term amortization principle introduced in farm mortgage loans by the land banks has reduced the necessity of a hard fight to pay for the farm in a few years, and one result undoubtedly has been a less vigorous struggle for independence. Many farmers now seem to feel that they are merely a part of a great, general economic movement against which it is useless to struggle individually. They are more and more disposed to ride with the tide.

Yet it would be unfair to saddle the responsibility of these tendencies on the farm loan banks. Beyond question these institutions on the whole have conferred an immense benefit on American agriculture. They have brought about conditions under which the farmer, at least from the viewpoint of credit and finance, has a far better opportunity than ever before to achieve independence and a competence if he is so minded. It is true that crop conditions in certain sections of the country, and the price of certain farm products all over the country, are such as to cause acute temporary embarrassment in specific districts, in spite of all the credit facilities and other assistance now afforded; but the experience of the land banks in other parts of the country demonstrates a much better condition of things in agriculture as a whole than insistent cries of distress from adversely affected localities seem to indicate. Even in these distressed portions of the country, conditions are improving, partly as a result of more diversification in crops and better marketing, and partly as a result of better standard crops. Net earnings are increasing and land values are returning. At all events, Wall Street and the money power no longer have any dominating influence upon the farmer's destiny. That destiny now lies within his own control, and beyond doubt the American agriculturist will eventually return to the spirit of industry, thrift and achievement shown by him in that magnificent development of the resources of the nation which is one of the epics in the history of the race.

From a Lost Sonnet on a Poet's House

. . . And like a soldier honored by his king,
Who wears his cross upon a faded coat,
These old walls proudly bear a lyric note
In bronze—a balm for time's mordacious sting,
And dream of days, as soldiers dream of wars,
Days swept aside by scornful calendars.

WHITELAW SAUNDERS.

FATHER HUSSLEIN'S FILM

By ERNEST F. BODDINGTON

WHEN Father Joseph Husslein, of the Society of Jesus, undertook to write the scenario of a film which should trace the history and explain the doctrine of the Eucharist, he realized the epical nature of the undertaking. But, with full comprehension of the sublimity of the task, and with profound reverence for the theme which he had undertaken to develop, he did not lose sight of the demands of the medium through which the message was to be conveyed. In giving a comprehensive exposition of the Eucharist in Scripture, history, tradition and the teachings of the Church, he appreciated that he must do so in (to use his own words) a series of "fascinating, gripping scenes." The scenario which has now been completed and is in the hands of the National Film Producers, Incorporated, of New York, shows that this purpose was carried out with a faithfulness which drew on the subject itself for inspiration in its technical unfolding.

Choosing as his title The Hidden God, Father Husslein has divided the picture into four parts: Witness of the Scriptures, Dawn of Worship, Adoration of the Nations, and the Progress of Devotion.

First in sequence there will be shown the ancient type of the Holy Sacrifice, the unbloody sacrifice of bread and wine offered by Melchisedec, king and priest, upon the triumphant return of the conquering Abraham. At the conclusion of this scene, Christ will appear in place of Melchisedec. This typification will be followed by the showing of the falling of manna, which, Moses announces to the awe-struck Israelites, is bread from heaven; a scene whose fade-out will be succeeded directly by a priest with ciborium distributing Holy Communion. Thence the picture moves on to the coming of the Son of God. The manifestations of His divine power are depicted in a series of scenes, and their application to the central theme is made clear—e. g., the multiplication of the loaves and fishes as a figure of the multiplication of the Presence in the Eucharist, and the stilling of the storm and walking on the sea as evidence that the power over nature and nature's laws was His when he instituted the Eucharist.

The lessons of the Last Supper, where the words of Capharnaum take on their full significance from the consecration and the Communion and ordaining of those who shall have power to make the commemoration to the end of time, bind the purpose more tightly together. Following wonderful scenes of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, the lone country road winding to Emmaus is disclosed, with the two disciples in animated conversation. Christ, unrecognized, overtakes them. The sun gradually sinks and the shadows gather; the Guest enters the dwelling of His friends, and recognition comes at the "breaking of the bread." Another shore scene is given after the entry through

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the closed door of the cenacle, and the later demonstration to doubting Thomas. The miraculous draught of fishes has been made, and the fishermen step ashore to hear one of their number entrusted with the administration of the Bread of Life: "Feed My lambs. Feed My sheep." The Ascension closes part one.

In the second part, the distinctive scenes of the ceremonies of the Mass pass in review, the early gatherings of the first converts, with the preparatory prayers, the kiss of peace and the agape, or love feast, preceding the Sacrifice proper. The story of Saint Agnes is used to present in dramatic form the struggles of the first followers and their reliance on the Blessed Sacrament. A pageant shows first a flock of lambs driven to the temple hill for the paschal sacrifice, then the hill of Calvary with the Lamb of God immolated. The four evangelists who have written of the Eucharist come; then Saint Paul. The other apostles enter with Peter at their head, followed by the faithful of the catacomb days. Still they come, Saint Agnes with the lilies, Saint Mary Magdalen with the roses, the emperor with his sceptre, the Pope with his symbolic keys. They group around the Eucharistic table and the message is flashed: "For this is My Body; this is My Blood of the new testament."

Opportunities for splendid scenes are found in part three, for in the events depicting the adoration of the nations are included the saving of the temples of the Eucharistic Christ from Attila's hordes by Pope Leo the Great; the landing in Ireland of Saint Patrick and the reception of Communion by Ethne and Fedelm, daughters of the Irish king; the arrival in England of Saint Augustine and the conversion of Ethelbert; the conquest of Thor by Christ through Saint Boniface, in Germany; the building of Notre Dame cathedral in France; the work of Saint Francis in Italy and of Saint Hyacinth in Poland, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Ukrania, on to Tartary and the frontiers of far Thibet. The setting out of Columbus brings the picture nearer to America. It is naturally followed by the drama of the Jesuit martyrs who first took the Eucharist into the forests of the new land to explain its saving power to the red men, and of the Franciscans who, under Serra, were dotting the slopes of the Pacific with beautiful houses of the Eucharistic Christ.

In the closing part, the development of the devotion to the Eucharist is shown from the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi down through the centuries to the time of the great Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. The disclosure to Saint Margaret Mary and the institution of first Friday Communions of reparation; the picture of Marie Marthe Tamisier, to whom first came the thought of Eucharistic congresses, and of the Blessed Peter Julian Eymard, who inspired her; of Monsignor Segur, who launched the movement, and of Saint Paschal Baylon, patron of all Eucharistic associations and congresses. After the scenes in Chicago have been shown, Saint Peter's at Rome emerges, and Christ appears holding the Chalice and Host of the Mass. A final tableau shows the procession of the whole army of martyrs, virgins, confessors, saints and kings, together with a vast multitude of the learned and unlearned, praising the Hidden God. Space is made, and the Little Flower comes to cast roses over the altar, one great bloom being laid before Him at the door of His tabernacle. The scene changes for the last time; altar and tabernacle remain, and men and women of all ages and races approach the rail. As they gaze intently on the Blessed Sacrament, the tabernacle glows and Christ appears with arms extended. He comes closer and closer until His promise enfolds each one: "He that eateth My Flesh and Drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day."

The making of the picture will take probably a little more than a year, and the expenditure of about $500,000. The beauty of the color effects which are being sought will be intensified by the incidental music which already has been composed. The undertaking has—as might be expected—the approval of every bishop to whom the synopsis has been submitted.

LAUSANNE: A SUMMARY

By CHARLES MERCIER

BY THIS time it is ancient news that, at the initiative of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, delegates from more than ninety churches, Protestant and Greek Orthodox, met between August 3 and August 21 at Lausanne, in Switzerland, in order that they might discover some common ground of understanding upon which a union of Christian churches could take place.

The very title given to the conference—Faith and Order—testifies sufficiently to the sincerity of their desire. The congress held at Upsala in 1926 and entitled For Life and Work had no wider aim than to stimulate religious life and action in the bosom of each separate church. But the basic idea at Lausanne went deeper. It was to make unity a reality and to achieve something amounting to a dogmatic profession of a common faith.

One need not be a theologian nor a churchman to perceive that any endeavor to discover some means of unity and mutual understanding while leaving intact the fundamental principle of Protestantism—namely, individual interpretation of the Scriptures and of dogma—was bound to entail initial difficulties almost insuperable. Protestantism, as Harnack in Germany and Sabatier in France have frankly recognized, suffers from an internal antinomy which derives from its very principle.

This difficulty—one might almost say this doctrinal incompatibility—made itself evident even in the preliminary work of the conference. It received fresh illustration time and time during the course of its solemn deliberations.

The crucial problem facing the conferees at the beginning of their work was to identify what, in the language of the Schoolmen, is termed the "sources of Revelation." Where is the essential doctrine of Christianity to be sought? Is it in the four Gospels, whose divine inspiration many liberal Protestants dispute? Or must the same doctrinal authority be conceded to the other writings of the New Testament—to the Epistles of Saint Paul in particular, where German critics claim to find the Catholic and sacramental conception of the

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Church which they profess to be unable to discover in the Synoptics and Saint John?

The theologians who treated this question during the conference—Professor Deissman of Berlin University, and Bishop F. J. McDonnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America—contented themselves with insisting upon the necessity of according prime importance to the Spirit of Christ as revealed to us in the New Testament, a spirit of life and of universal solidarity which corresponds admirably to the best aspirations of the modern conscience. Once this proposition was accepted, it became easy to put aside as comparatively secondary issues such questions as the divine institution of a church, its nature, its sacraments and its dogmas.

The twofold attitude adopted by the conferees at Lausanne upon the question of the sacraments and holy orders seemed to be inspired by the following conceptions:

The Orthodox delegates and the Anglicans admitted seven sacraments of divine institution. The liberal Protestants reduced the number arbitrarily and contested their divine character. At the utmost they were prepared to admit two, baptism and the Lord's Supper, as of divine origin, while recognizing in the words of Dr. Bartlett, a member of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, that the question "raises interesting problems."

On the question of holy orders the same divergence appeared. The Orthodox and Anglican delegates believe in the divine institution of their orders, and claim apostolic succession for their hierarchy in no uncertain language. The Lutherans and Calvinists, on the other hand, see in such a claim a deformation of true Church doctrine.

"Interior vocation seems to us to be more important than any action by the Church." In this declaration, made to the congress by Professor W. Hadorn, of Switzerland, is implicit the entire theory of the universal priesthood which Luther himself attached to his principle of private judgment.

It is under this contradictory character that the churches which came together at Lausanne have chosen to place their profession of faith, expressed in terms of the creed of Nice-Constantinople. "We affirm," so runs the conclusion of the report issued at the close of this important session, "in the most solemn manner and in complete accordance, that no adhesion to exterior rules or written professions can replace that personal and intimate expression of union with the living Christ, by which alone the existence of spiritual life is proved, and that the object of our faith is not an affirmation upon Christ, but our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ Himself." It would be impossible to find words which more clearly define the modernist profession of faith.

For, in the last analysis, this conception of the unity of Christendom, as it has appeared to the delegates at Lausanne, is based squarely upon the right of private judgment. Side by side with a common faith, a common message for the salvation of the world, it maintains, in the very words of the report from which we have quoted, "for all the communions which unite between themselves, liberty in everything pertaining to diverse interpretations of sacramental grace, the organization, and the authority of the ministry," and "recognition of the prophetic office in the Church."

The right of private judgment once admitted, the road to this recognition of divergent opinions lay logically open despite all the good will of the Lausanne delegates. In a speech made publicly at the very first meeting, Monsignor Germanos, Metropolitan of the Greek Church, foreshadowed the difficulty that would arise. For, although declaring that "the Greek Church rejected any idea of a unity which had as its end the absorption of one church by another," and that what it propounded as the desideratum to be achieved was reunion of the diverse interpretations of sacramental grace, the organization to declare in conscience that the principles of the Orthodox Church did not permit him to adopt the final report submitted to the conference. Doubtless the majority of High Church Anglicans felt with him.

Catholics, as is well known, took no part in the conference, participation at Lausanne having been forbidden them by a decision of the Holy Office. As long ago as 1919, when a similar invitation was extended by influential members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, His Holiness Benedict XV found himself forced, despite his strong desire for reunion, to decline the invitation, while expressing his ardent wish for the success of so noble an enterprise, and promising the assistance of his own fervent prayers.

At the opening of the congress, Bishop Manning of New York, in the name of its members, expressed his profound regret that "the Roman Catholic Church had found itself unable to accept the invitation which had been addressed to it, among other churches, to send representatives to the conference. Although the Roman Catholic Church," he added, "has not seen fit to send delegates here, we declare that our sentiments in its regard are entirely those of love and friendship."

The attitude adopted by the Holy See in this matter can surprise only those who are unhappily little conversant with the dogma and nature of the Catholic Church. For the Catholic Church (such is the belief of its members) being the only Church founded by Jesus Christ, hence the only true Church, is itself the centre and core of unity. In the thoughts of members of the conference on Faith and Order, on the contrary, what we find is the conception of a church potentially one, but divided actually into several branches equal themselves and seeking to coalesce. To associate itself with the separated churches in search of such a unity would be, for the Catholic Church, equivalent to a denial of itself. We do not go seeking for that which we possess. Rather we formulate the most ardent and sincere desire that those whom we love on the title of brothers in Christ should come to us and share it with us.

Pope Benedict XV, therefore, merely conformed to the doctrine of the Church in declining the invitation extended by the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, and in approving, almost simultaneously, the Conversations of Malines.

This Is the Street

This is the street called "Malcontenti" still.
Florence her gallows had, be sure, as we:
And hither, toward their squalid Calvary
Men counted it a station. Down the hill
You watch them led—dry-mouthed, with faces wan
From last night's unconsoled Gethsemane,
Some April morn belike: the sun that shone,
A younger spring's. . . . Springtide—in Italy!

'Tis leasing life anew to think on it?
Speak then—what fairer lease hold we one whit
Than these who bled—or those, with bated breath
Watching them pass, who turned on life to find
Each house a prison, every street a wynd
Wheredown the discontented walk to death?

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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COMMUNICATIONS

BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN CHICAGO

Atlantic City, N. J.

TO the Editor:—Your recent comment anent Mayor Thompson and William McAndrew makes it practically impossible to refute those who so constantly assert that The Commonweal is pro-British.

Certainly the article would never have been written if the editor had been conversant with the facts of the situation. Do you not know that the pro-British activities of McAndrew were bared in the Congressional Record under date of March 9, last? Do you not know that this man, who is evidently a paid English propagandist, as superintendent of schools of Chicago, ordered The Spirit of '76 and other patriotic pictures taken down from the walls of the class-rooms? A perusal of page 5,788 of the Congressional Record for the date indicated will give you many instances of the efforts of McAndrew to supplant American textbooks in history with a pro-British and insidiously anti-American brand, of the type that was cast out of the schools of so many of our cities.

Everyone understands that the editor of a weekly periodical is forced to find material for the space that must perforce be filled. But surely it is not necessary to stoop to such tactics in order to fill space or to secure readers. The comment was insulting to real Americans who still think that the Revolution was more than a rebellion of office-seeking insurgents.

THOMAS ROBINSON.

ALCOHOL AND ACCIDENTS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your issue of October 12 refers editorially to my recent comment on the increase in accidents since the inauguration of national prohibition, but, like many others, you seem to be under the impression that my remarks related to railroad accidents.

The fact is that at the time of the address at the Bankers' Club, I was referring to the enormous increase in industrial accidents since 1920. My information is that the New York Industrial Commission received reports of 345,672 accidents in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1920, while during the twelve months ended June 30, 1927, the total was 518,297—an increase of more than 49 percent. During the same period, there has been a noticeable increase in railroad accidents, but nothing like the increase in general.

But, then, as you clearly pointed out, it is my opinion that the use or abuse of alcohol has never been an important factor in the causation of accidents except on motor highways.

J. M. GIBBONS,
General Attorney, New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company.

DR. JOHNSON'S APOLOGIES

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In saying that Charles Burney "was the only man to whom Johnson is ever known to have made an apology," Sir Bertram Windle has evidently forgotten his Boswell. "No man," says Boswell, "was more ready to make an apology when he had censured unjustly than Johnson." However, Sir Bertram must surely remember that splendid and sweeping retraction: "Mr. Compositor, I beg your pardon. Mr. Compositor, I beg your pardon again and again!"

FRANCIS P. SULLIVAN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Chauve-Souris

ONCE more the Russians are with us. But Nikita Balieff has either allowed or persuaded his famous troupe of entertainers to become more cosmopolitan than in the early days. A few numbers in English have been added to fill the good measure of satire.

The present Chauve-Souris is a great improvement over the last edition which appeared in New York, although hardly surpassing in spontaneity the first program exhibited on these shores. Balieff is the supreme vaudeville director of the modern stage. He is, first and foremost, an impresario with the soul of a superb clown. Undoubtedly he can speak very excellent English, but he still clings with amusing effect to that curious jargon which so delighted his first New York audiences. As director, as master of ceremonies, as general father of the entire brood he has brought with him, he manages somehow to be, in person, about three-fourths of the entertainment, and this in spite of the fact that he is on the stage about one-tenth of the time.

I have tried hard, but without distinct success, to analyze the peculiar charm of this unique form of entertainment. It has, of course, the impertinent novelty of its gaudy stage settings. It has the stimulation of rapid and vivid contrasts, stunning you one moment with a flash of beauty and convulsing you the next with the incongruous antics of the circus. It has the naïve charm of children at play and the mature authority of artists at work. It seldom takes itself very seriously and it is always on friendly, intimate terms with the audience. But unless or until you have added to these qualities the specific personality of Balieff, you cannot fully account for the glow of satisfaction which suffuses the house for the greater part of the evening.

Sometimes in its quest for contrasts Chauve-Souris overshoots its mark. In the last New York program, as I recollect, the scene of the Nativity was sandwiched between some rather gaudy numbers. This time a scene on Calvary is given a similar inappropriate setting. Such numbers, no matter how beautiful they may be by themselves, are quite out of place.

This year Balieff is more or less featuring a new Russian dancer by the name of Tamara Geva. Her dancing is shot through with a curious satirical quality which doubtless requires an extraordinary technical equipment. In its rapid transitions from flowing grace to amusing angularity, her method is interesting and provocative. But it lacks continuous charm. It seems to be an effort to combine two distinct types of dancing in one—the grace of the informal, interpretive dance with the sterner substance of pantomime. Among the more amusing sketches there has been introduced a burlesque parody of Verdi's opera, Traviata. It is a condensation into fifteen minutes of the more ludicrous aspects of the famous story. No little amusement is added by Balieff's personal appearance as a box-holder who flirts alternately with the prima donna and a fair lady in an opposite box. Probably the most delectable bit of the evening is an illustrated song giving what might be the Russian idea of an American number. The title is "Where is our Meyer, where's Himalaya?"—the rest, as Balieff carefully explains, being "nonsense." The entire Chauve-Souris is delightful nonsense except for the moments when it flames with sheer beauty. (At the Cosmopolitan.)

Walter Hampden Again

SOME time during the course of last season we made a plaintive suggestion that the sight of Walter Hampden in modern clothes would be a pleasing novelty. In reviving Ibsen's satirical comedy, An Enemy of the People, Mr. Hampden has very nearly fulfilled this suggestion. He retains, however, the costume of the period in which Ibsen wrote, which, as we are dimly conscious, was one of the ugliest periods, sartorially speaking, in history. However, it is a real satisfaction to see Mr. Hampden in ordinary trousers and to welcome the benign and glowing comedy which he sheds around the person of Dr. Thomas Stockmann.

This play, it will be recalled, was one of Ibsen's smashing blows at what we should now recognize as local rotarianism. Many of the characters are direct ancestors of modern Babbittry. If the costumes are of a bygone day, the spirit of the piece is at least distinctly up-to-date. And although the action is always colored by Ibsen's curious philosophy, it manages to touch modern as well as ancient springs of disillusionment.

The main interest of the play, of course, lies in its revelation of Mr. Hampden's ability as a character comedian. On the whole, the new view is a pleasing one, giving forth a sense of spontaneity and ease which is often lacking in Mr. Hampden's more serious and romantic efforts. It makes one desire more than ever to see this actor-manager tackle the frankly competitive job of an entirely modern rôle. No matter how fine his passion for the classics or his determination to make the theatre of the past a living tradition, he holds a real obligation to contemporary life, which has always been the source of much of the finest theatrical material. Ibsen himself wrote direct from the emotions of his day, and we have at least three or four excellent playwrights today who are doing the same thing for American life. It would be a graceful act on Mr. Hampden's part to give them recognition by producing at least one thoroughly modern new play. In the end this would be the truest service to the cause which Mr. Hampden is forever championing—the belief that the fine theatre of any day is universal in its appeal and should never be allowed to perish entirely. Mr. Hampden should simply remember that before a fine play can perish it must at least be born. There is no good reason why the Hampden Theatre cannot bring forth a play of American life. (At the Hampden.)

The House of Women

THE everlasting temptation of the successful novelist to dramatize his own work seized upon Louis Bromfield and made him turn his novel, The Green Bay Tree, into an interesting but far from exciting play under the title of The House of Women. In this case, as in many others, I was fortunate enough to come to the play unbiased by a previous reading of the book. This accounts, perhaps, for my feeling of close interest during the major part of the evening, and for a sense of pleasant disappointment after reading many of the lugubrious reviews written about this attempt.

After all, the theatre and the novel are two very distinct means of expression. They have little or nothing in common except the one function of creating character. The novel is slow, deliberate, minute and rhetorical. The play, by its very nature, must be swift, urgent, broad in its treatment, and

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effective not only through words but through sight and sound. You can describe a character with the greatest completeness in a novel without quoting a word of dialogue. In a play the dialogue itself is the chief means of conveying character. The novel lends itself readily to explaining the subjective viewpoint of a character. In a play, this same viewpoint can be intimated only by objective action and speech. Much more mental co-operation is demanded from an audience at the theatre than from the reader of a novel. That is why it is almost as hard to put a novel upon the stage as it is to describe the effect of a marvelous piece of sculpture through the medium of words.

Those who have read The Green Bay Tree seem to be keenly disappointed with The House of Women. It is certainly much more of a literary or reading play than a persuasive form of theatrical expression. None the less, in its study of the lives of four women surrounded by the industrial turmoil of a growing middle-western town, the play has its moments of searing beauty and of stark candor. For the most part, the characters stand pretty well on their own feet without demanding the background of the novel itself. But in the case of the frustrated daughter, Irene, who becomes a convert to Catholicism and thereafter talks as if she had recently been "revived" by Billy Sunday, the characterization is so obscure, or else it is so exaggerated, as to leave one nonplussed.

Robert Edmond Jones, once more back under the wing of Arthur Hopkins, has produced in the setting of this play an extraordinary atmosphere. This is no mere copy of a Victorian living-room. It exhales the feeling of slow death from the moment the curtain rises. The cast includes two names no less distinguished than those of Nance O'Neil and Elsie Ferguson. Except in the death scene of the last act, when Miss O'Neil forced her voice to unnecessarily high pitch, she gave a superb example of technical artistry. Miss Ferguson, as the impulsive daughter Lily, reminded one through her voice of a molasses brook trickling through an underground cave. It had nothing but sweet minor notes. But her acting, aside from this vocal defect, is persuasive, sympathetic and full of well-restrained emotion. In the quite impossible part of Irene, Helen Freeman managed to make a very deep impression in the first and last acts. For a few tense moments, at the time of her approaching insanity, Irene became by all odds the dominating figure of the play. Miss Freeman's work has gained greatly in power and flexibility. Walter Abel as Henry Bascom only managed to convince one more thoroughly than ever that he is the best train announcer not yet employed by one of the large railroad systems. As an actor he is absolutely without modulation of mood, voice, or gesture. Curtis Cooksey, on the other hand, diffused a splendid warmth and vitality in the part of Arthur Morven, the ex-minister. The philosophy of the play is pagan and pessimistic, unilluminated by spiritual understanding. (At the Maxine Elliott.)

The 19th Hole

FRANK CRAVEN devotes himself to the lure of golf in this latest of his gentle comedies. In spite of its rippling humor, it lacks the emotional undercurrent of some of his earlier plays, and its last scene, particularly, suffers from a sort of milk-and-honey colic. It is the story of a placid writer, an authority on stained glass windows, and a contributor to the Mayflower Magazine, who is transformed into a "joiner" through the magic of his first and successful drive. Golf addicts should relish this play. It is more than passable entertainment, with Mr. Craven personally giving one of his best characterizations. (At the George M. Cohan.)

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BOOKS

Memoirs of a Revolutionist, by Vera Figner. New York: International Publishers. $3.00.

THIS is almost an indispensable book for those who desire to study the genesis of the great Russian Revolution. Vera Figner was one of the great figures of the movement, one of its originators. She belonged to its "élite" among whom were to be found men like Kropotkin and Plekhanov, serious, earnest men, sincere patriots. But they were idealists, who worked as idealists, who tried through idealism to justify their terroristic practices, and who called to their help elements in Russian society that simply aimed at the destruction of the old order of things, without the slightest intention of building up a new one to take its place.

These Memoirs are remarkable for two reasons. The first one is the incoherence which they reveal as to the aims of the first Russian Revolutionists, an incoherence which persisted all through their activity. It is sufficient to mention the speech made by Vera Figner after she had been tried and sentenced to death. "The essential part of the program in accordance with which I worked," she said, "and which had the greatest significance for me, was the annihilation of the autocratic form of government. I really ascribe no practical importance to the question whether our program advocates a republic or a constitutional monarchy. We may dream of a republic, but only that form of government will be realized for which society proves itself ready—and so this question has no special meaning for me." It is the Bolshevik program anticipated by fifty years.

The second point which is important in these recollections of a very noble woman—noble in spite of her errors and mistakes—is the immense disillusion which pervades their tone, and which finally overpowered all these people who had believed so erroneously that something might be changed in the machinery of the Russian government, before the Russian nation had been properly prepared for such a change. Personalities like Kropotkin, Vera Figner herself and some of the others whom she mentions in her book, constituted exceptions. Unfortunately they had the illusion that characters such as theirs were the rule; and when they discovered their mistake, they were too entirely overpowered by its horror to be capable of doing anything else than fall into despair at the situation created by their well-meaning but tragically misguided efforts.

Vera Figner belonger to the upper classes of Russian society, as did also all those who had been the first to desire the establishment of a constitutional government in their country. But the sad part of this premature Russian revolutionary movement she had helped to develop, was that although it had originated from above, it was carried on from below. This explains its failure, and in this respect Vera Figner's book is absolutely illuminating, because even when she would like to throw on the shoulders of others than members of the political party to which she belonged, the responsibility for violences which she had at times herself inspired, she yet is compelled to recognize that the methods of the struggle carried on by that party were bound to demoralize in time the whole of Russian society.

"Violence, whether committed against a thought, an action, or a human life," she writes, "never contributed to the refinement of morals. It arouses ferocity, develops brutal instincts, awakens evil impulses and prompts acts of disloyalty. Humanity and magnanimity are incompatible with it. And from this point of view the government and the revolutionary party, when they entered into what may be termed a hand-to-hand battle, vied with one another in corrupting everything and everyone around them. On the one hand, the party declared that all methods were fair in the war with its antagonist, that here the end justified the means. At the same time it created a cult of dynamite and the revolver, and crowned the terrorist with a halo: murder and the scaffold acquired a magnetic charm and attraction for the youth of the land, and the weaker their nervous system, and the more oppressive the life around them, the greater was their exaltation at the thought of revolutionary terror." It would be difficult to imagine a more scathing indictment of terrorism than this appreciation of it by a woman who had herself practised it, and who had spent twenty-two years of her life in prison as a consequence of her attachment to these same theories she judges with such severity in the autumn of her existence.

There are awful pages in that book, awful on account of the simplicity with which they are written. In this respect Vera Figner reminds one of Kropotkin, although the latter's serenity is very different from her rebellious spirit, which accepts with repressed indignation what he endures with uncomplaining fortitude. For instance, her description of that day, when for the first time she was dressed in convict clothes, a description which makes one shudder long even after reading it, so vividly abominable appear the details which she gives us, and her remark that she was ready to laugh wildly, unnaturally, when she found herself attired in nondescript rags instead of the exquisite garments she had worn before.

Interesting as is the first part of these Memoirs, it is in the second that the author rises to almost sublime heights. These long years which she spent behind the high walls of that silent fortress which, in imperial Russia, stood for everything that was awful, for a spot to which the only words that could be applied were those of Dante, "Lasciate ogni speranza"—these years of horrors endured, struggles fought, agonies suffered and undergone without any ray of hope coming to illuminate the darkness, are made real to us by her description. Especially poignant is her account of the mental and moral disillusionment she underwent, disillusionment that finally embittered the relations these miserable prisoners had with one another, and what was worse, shattered their faith in each other. What can be more poignant than her remark about a hunger strike in which she had participated, that "it had demonstrated to her that there were not even two people in that prison whose pulses beat in unison"? This disillusionment it was, assuredly, that finally broke the heart of Vera Figner.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Mole Philosophy and Other Essays, by Cassius J. Keyser. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

MANY philosophers have been mathematicians and many more have not been. Nor is there often any discernible relation between the mathematics and the resultant philosophy. Plato was a mathematician, Aristotle was not; their philosophies are similar, and it is the mathematician who has all the emotion. It was the unmathematical Spinoza who developed the most rigidly mathematical of philosophies, while his contemporary, Leibnitz, versed in the higher calculus, produced a vitalistic metaphysics. Among contemporaries, what similarity exists between the philosophies of the mathematical Bertrand Russell and the mathematical Henri Bergson, other than that both are highly emotional?

Thus the fact that Cassius J. Keyser is an eminent mathematician affords no presupposition whatsoever as to the character or value of his volume of essays. Nor need one be surprised that the author of The Human Worth of Rigorous

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Thinking has here taken a vacation from rigorous thinking. These pleasantly written and suggestive observations on philosophy, education, death, Tom Paine, Pasteur, prohibition, freedom of the will, and other miscellaneous topics, are very clearly the work of a high-minded gentleman, but high-mindedness, except in the Aristotelian sense, is not inseparable from bad logic. And bad logic is plentifully sprinkled through Professor Keyser's reflections. The title essay labors to establish a distinction between "spurious" and "genuine" ideals: the former, those of a mole philosophy, are ideals which are attainable, the latter those unattainable. Not to quarrel over the misleading use of the words "genuine" and "spurious" as a substitute for "desirable" and "undesirable," it should be evident that it is not in itself the mere unattainability of an ideal which determines its value. Professor Keyser says "but for the unattainable ideal of perfect drama, we should not have the works of Shakespeare or those of the Greek masters." This is far from the mark. There is no evidence that Shakespeare was actuated by the ideal of "perfect drama" any more than Lindbergh was actuated by the ideal of "perfect flying" instead of that of getting to Europe. The truth beneath the author's paradox is simply the well-recognized one that the highest ideals are not completely attainable, and that an ideal once attained no longer satisfies.

A similar neglect of rigorous thinking vitiates Professor Keyser's conclusions in the other most important essay of the volume, that on The Significance of Death. Here his contention, and a most original one it is, is that the value of life is dependent upon the fact of death. "Death is not the tragedy of life; it is a limitation of life, essential to its beatitudes: the tragedy is that, if it were not for death, life would be void of worth." Aristotle pointed out that white is no whiter if it lasts for an eternity than if it lasts for a moment only; it never occurred to him that anyone would argue that an eternal white would not be white at all. Professor Keyser's error is once more the failure to perceive the distinguishing characteristic of the concept with which he deals. If life has some intrinsic value, then death may add poignancy to this, but how mere cessation or the thought of it could add value where there was none before remains a logical puzzle. If it did, then evil, error, and ugliness would be positive values, since, no more than their opposites, are they interminable.

Professor Keyser is an optimistic temporalist. In an unguarded moment, when the mathematician speaks, he does indeed say that "mathematical truth is pure and everlasting," but his more usual conviction is expressed in the utterance "all existing science is destined to become myth." (It would be interesting to know how he reconciles those statements.) "The superstition of today is the science of yesterday. The science of today is the superstition of tomorrow. . . . Is the law disheartening? On the contrary, were it not for the endless improvability of science, were it not for the endless improvability of superstition, though life would be possible, human life would not." Whence comes this certainty of progress in a world which, he tells us, is a world of mere fact where the question "why?" is a pseudo-question? And what is the meaning of progressive knowledge, if all knowledge, present and future, is destined to become myth? Professor Keyser is a relativist who fails to see the plainest implications of his argument when they lead toward an uncongenial pessimism. This, too, would seem to be a form of mole philosophy—and a very popular one today. The mole may or may not be an optimist, but he is certainly reputed to be blind.

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Elizabeth Seton, by Madame de Barberey; translated and adapted from the sixth French edition, with a brief sketch of the community of the Sisters of Charity since the death of Mother Seton, by Joseph B. Code. New York: The Macmillian Company. $5.00.

IN READING the life of Elizabeth Seton, one is instantly aware that the book has gained in the translation, not only because of the tender affection and admiration with which Father Code makes Mother Seton live again, but by reason of the complete documentation of all references historically necessary in a work that attempts to portray a holy and purposeful life.

Few stories of romance, adventure and pioneer courage are more compelling than that of Elizabeth Ann Seton. Naturally, her life made many interesting contacts with eminent families of the East and the South. The memorable visit to Leghorn and the enduring friendship of the Filicchi weave an old-world thread through the days that followed her return to the young American republic, when her heroic conversion and her profession of faith in old Saint Peter's, on Barclay Street, New York, ostracized her from family and friends. A wealth of authenticated letters and extracts from Mother Seton's writings create, as no re-telling could, the actual conditions of life in America from 1805 to 1820. They also reveal Elizabeth's perfect love for the Saviour and her holy desire to lead her five fatherless children safely to God. In her humility she little dreamed this pure motive would be the means of bringing thousands of other children into the service of the Holy Mother Church.

In writing the brief sketch of the Sisters of Charity, the author has, like an able business man, proved the value of the institution by the results. And almost beyond belief are the results! From Mother Seton's little school begun in Baltimore in 1808 has developed what has become the very backbone of the Catholic Church in America—the parochial school system; in 1828, her Sisters established the first Catholic hospital in this country in St. Louis, and later founded the first and only leprosarium in the United States; the invaluable services of the Sisters of Charity as angels of the battlefield during the Civil War inspired that sincere recall to war-work by President McKinley when the Spanish-American War was declared; these Sisters were the first and only volunteers to respond when His Eminence the late Cardinal Gibbons appealed for teaching Sisters to help in the Americanization of Porto Rico; and in the world war the only American Sisters to serve were the Sisters of Charity. Of present missions, nearly two hundred schools, hospitals, homes for incurables, orphanages, nurseries, and settlement houses are filled to capacity while thousands of Sisters of Charity minister to them. Thousands of parochial, high school and college graduates owe allegiance to Mother Seton and her pioneer undertaking, while through the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae organized by the alumnae of Saint Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, the whole world of Catholic alumnae is seriously committed to the interests of Catholic higher education for women.

The sketch also covers the steps taken in the cause of Mother Seton's canonization, beginning with the initiative of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in holding ecclesiastical court at his residence, and outlining the subsequent meetings in old Saint Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, the premier school of priestly training in the nation, from whence came the sons of Saint Sulpice, Fathers Du Bourg, Flaget, Dubois, and Bruté, by whose direction the mission of Mother Seton was planned and developed. In 1914 the process "de scripturis" was completed when the Very Reverend Doctor Charles L. Souvay, C. M., presented to the Roman authorities for examination twelve volumes of Mother Seton's writings.

After reading Mother Seton's "story of suffering, struggle, sanctity and success," one is not surprised that His Grace Archbishop Curley wrote the interesting and authoritative introduction to this translation. As a follower of the saintly Bishop Carroll who invited Elizabeth Seton to a refuge in Maryland, and the immediate successor of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons who took the initiative in the canonization of Mother Seton, His Grace has in this introduction clearly stated that the premier see of America holds high the privilege of fostering the cause of raising this daughter of Maryland to the high honors of the altar; and that it rejoices that to America is given the true account of the humility, holy zeal and spiritual purpose of Elizabeth Seton, whose fifteen years of Catholic service are inseparably bound with the nation's struggle for peace, education and the freedom and spiritual development of conscience.

CLARA DOUGLAS SHEERAN.

Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist, by Thomas Dwight, Parkman professor of anatomy at Harvard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

IT IS sixteen years since I wrote a review of the first edition of this excellent book, and since it does not appear that any alterations or additions have been made to the text (the only change in the book being an introduction by Dr. J. J. Walsh) I could, with a clear conscience, repeat my former remarks. In lieu of that, I shall content myself with two comments and a grumble. The last shall be first: Why has not a book like this, packed with facts, any kind of index? It is a positive crime.

As to the comments, my first is a feeling of wonder as to whether his co-religionists in the United States are at all aware of what a distinguished man of science the late Professor Dwight was.

My professorial life was spent almost entirely in teaching human anatomy and I may, therefore, claim to speak on that subject with at least some authority. I knew the late Professor Dwight well by his writings; we were in the habit of exchanging papers which we had written; and all this for years without the slightest idea on my part that we belonged to the same faith, until one day he poked an S. V. P. report into a bundle of papers dealing with variations of the human skeleton.

That was the subject in which he made his reputation and I insist on that point because it brings me to my second comment. There is a great stir at present as to the origin of man's body. Sir Arthur Keith has just been reasserting the view that it was simian; others, headed by Professor H. F. Osborne, of New York, dissent. But that the human frame had an animal origin is the common opinion of men of science, a belief which I am not now criticizing. Darwin and those of his time held that all evolution took place by the slow accumulation of small variations (though Huxley warned Darwin that he was wrong) and to this day that view underlies, if almost imperceptibly, most of the writings and sayings of the time. Of course it is to that idea that we owe the quest for the "missing link." That link Sir Arthur Keith admits, as admit he must, we have never found. Are we ever in the least likely to find it? That is the question which is now beginning to be asked. In an article which has appeared in Nature, the leading British scientific journal, since the publication of Keith's address there is this significant remark:—"May

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it not be that in searching for each minute intermediate stage in a series, we search for something which has never existed; that we are still too much dominated by the idea of the rise of species by way of the continuous minimal variations which Darwin so effectively advocated?"

There is no more valuable part of Dwight's book than that which deals with this very topic in relation to the origin of man's body. The important part of that body in this connection is the skeleton, and no man living in his day knew more about the variations of that skeleton than Dwight; thus his opinion is of the first importance. Dwight thought, as I think and as some other anatomists have thought, that the origin of the human body from a simian form by small variations is the wildest chimaera ever conceived. Every departure from the simian to the human form was ex hypothesi a step down—not up—in the animal world, rendering its possessor far less able to cope with his environment. His arms are growing shorter; his teeth smaller; his poor, defenseless back is getting hairless leaving his liver, lungs and other organs unprotected; in a word, he is becoming the sort of animal that would have been rapidly wiped out by natural selection. If the case is carefully considered, as Dwight considers it, it seems impossible to come to any other conclusion, so it shapes itself in my mind.

But if man's body did not originate in this way, then how? There are such things as mutations or sudden and great developments. "Natura non facit saltum," said Darwin, but nature does take jumps and long ones, too, and that may have been the case here. There is just one point to bear in mind in this connection: Unless it be by the merest accident, the fact that a mutation has taken place can never be established since its essence is that there are no links. The Irish yew—a mutation —would never have been recognized as such had it not taken place in a gentleman's garden in Fermanagh some century or more ago and been noted by his gardener. Nor would the origin of Chelidonium laciniatum have ever been suspected had it not come to pass in the garden of Sprenger of Heidelberg, who, being a botanist, registered the fact. Supposing that the origin of man's body was by a mutation, there can have been no note-taker standing by to tell us so. We must, in that case, be content to rest our belief on the purely circumstantial evidence which was recently recapitulated for us at the meeting of the British Association.

The portion of Dwight's book which deals with this point should be read with care by all interested in this burning question. But that may be said of the whole of the book. Every educated Catholic who desires to form an opinion concerning these large biological questions of to-day should possess himself of this volume and master its contents—as he can easily do, for it is not over-technical.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Joliet-Marquette Expedition, 1673, by Francis Borgia Steck. Washington, D. C.: The Catholic University Press of America.

IN THIS sixth volume of the Catholic University of America's Studies in American Church History, the author finally and authoritatively decides three more or less moot questions in connection with the re-discovery of the Mississippi in 1673: he makes clear that it was a "re-discovery" and not a "discovery"; that Joliet was the actual leader of the expedition; and that the Recit and the Journal of Father Marquette, respectively, are two entirely different documents, of which the Journal only is in the actual handwriting of the Jesuit priest

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and missionary whose ". . . zeal and yearning to reach the Father of Waters made him a fitting companion to the practical explorer who directed the expedition."

But the author has not confined himself to narrating this voyage of Joliet which, in truth, was only a consequence of earlier Spanish and French explorations, all having their origin in the sixteenth-century attempts to solve the "northern mystery," the secret of a western passage to the South Sea of Cathay. And While Dr. Steck leaves open the question as to whether Pinoda, De Vaca or De Soto was the first to discover the Rio del Espiritu Santo—for "the River of the Holy Ghost" was the first European name by which the Father of Waters was known—he tells the tale of these early Spanish expeditions with spirit and color. And, considering the French explorers, he gives us a brilliantly written picture, one worthy of Parkman, of New France in the middle seventeenth century, and the struggle between King Louis and the Jesuit order for the control of a great land in which the latter saw "another Paraguay." Finally, he devotes three chapters to French and English new world territorial expansion in connection with the Mississippi; the exploration of the "great water"; and the nature of the Joliet-Marquette expedition itself.

It is in this last chapter that we find some pertinent considerations on the respective meanings of the English verb "to discover" and the French "découvrir"; as well as a study under the heading Knowledge of the River's Existence from 1543-1673, which is of major interest. The concluding chapters are devoted to the actual expedition, and present the Thevenot (1681) narrative of the first expedition in French and English, with a footnote checking-up in accordance with the authentic Journal of Father Marquette's second voyage (1674-1675) to the Illinois country. The dissertation is a scholarly piece of workmanship, broad in scope, well written and with splendidly historic backgrounds.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Akhnaton, King of Egypt, by Dmitri Merezhkovsky; translated from the Russian by Natalie Duddington. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

TO THOSE who have a liking for historical novels bathed in vague mysticism, this book should have appeal. It deals with Egypt of the time of Tutankh-Amen and his predecessor, Akhnaton. The story recounts how the former deprived the latter of his throne under pretext of religious differences, but, in fact, to further personal ambition. There is a Cretan priestess, Dio, who serves as heroine, but the novel does not really deal with individuals so much as with social forces and conditions.

One finds in it fairly minute descriptions of Egyptian folkways, for the accuracy of which very few people could vouch: they seem true enough to one who lays no claim to knowledge of Egyptology. The mysticism of the novel is peculiarly nebulous. Akhnaton wishes to have himself considered a reincarnation of Osiris, and would substitute the worship of Aton (the name by which he himself goes in celestial circles) for the worship of Amen. What significance there was, or is, in this change does not appear. In fact the two gods are frequently referred to as the same. At last it appears that Akhnaton was not "He" but the precursor of "Him." Thus a John-the-Baptist theme is introduced, obviously with the intention of suggesting a later sacred parallel. However, discounting duly its high mysticism, Akhnaton is a fairly entertaining piece of work with which to while away an idle hour.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Book of Bulbs, by F. F. Rockwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

ANYBODY who has a garden (and everyone ought to have one, even if it be no bigger than a few apartment-house flower-pots) might profitably take an interest in bulbs. Expert horticulture has so greatly improved and diversified these substantial flowers that the most exacting requirements of color and other harmonies can be satisfied at a small cost of money and trouble. Mr. Rockwell, whose previous books about gardening have earned a reputation for sound doctrine and interesting presentation, treats the subject fully, practically and agreeably. General directions for the proper culture of bulbs in general precede ample discussions of the major varieties. We have found the chapters on begonias and hyacinths particularly helpful. A number of really informative illustrations, offering suggestions for arrangement to the small gardener, enhance the value of this interesting book.

Ironical Tales, by Laurence Housman. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Housman entitles his book Ironical Tales, they are not all of that flavor. Fortunately he mingles with the quality of irony a piquant and gentle humor that saves the book from a monotony which it might otherwise possess. Irony, even when it is Mr. Housman's, can be relished only in small doses, and it is therefore pleasant to pass from the first eight tales in this book, which are wholly ironical in character, to those that follow. This is not meant in any sense as a disparagement of the first group of stories. But the latter half of the book is really, in many respects, more delightful. Such exquisite poems (which they really are) as The Family Fairy, Kill or Cure, and Blind Love have the perfection of an Oscar Wilde fairy tale.

A Book of Church History, by Susan Cunnington. New York: Longmans Green and Company, Limited. $1.25.

IT IS only natural that we inevitably associate Church history with immense tomes and innumerable volumes, "for the Church has existed for a considerable time," as Father Hugh Pope states in the introduction. "Moreover, she has certainly made history during that time. . . . Miss Cunnington's book is a marvel of condensation. Here we have not merely the bare skeleton of facts, but a coördination of them." The Book of Church History is a text of ready reference for students. It will be of real value in the library of the busy man, as well as a rapid guide and memorandum for the harassed pastor as a supplement to the question box and inquiry column of the journalist.

Vanneck, by Robert Grant. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

FROM the statement on the jacket which affirms that this novel is "something more than a time-assassin," the reviewer was misled into the hope that this might be the case. When he finished, he was not even convinced that it was a "time-assassin." Mr. Grant tries hard to give us a nice breezy story, but makes the fatal error of trying too hard to do so. He has also yet to learn the value of selectiveness. The number of things that happen in this book would fill ten ordinary volumes. As a result the individual incidents are of necessity very sketchy and unsatisfactory. His style is readable but in places seems a bit archaic and stilted.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"That was a wise old preacher," remarked Doctor Angelicus, in an amiable manner, "who advised his congregation to cultivate their musical instinct. Whether the symphony orchestra is coming to town or the village soprano is about to give her annual recital, the annals say not. I must note, however, the modern uplift to our present mundane life, in the preacher's admonition: 'It will take some of you one thousand years to become accustomed to the music of heaven.' Evidently the preacher is a man of taste and superior requirements: he looks forward to well-chosen, classical programs from the celestial choirs and desires the young folk to disentangle their auricles from the seductions of our jazz-bands. One may now moralize on the experiences of the average banjo-artist or saxaphone demon in submitting throughout all eternity to the seraphic symphonies in A major or the cherubic cantatas for full chorus in the Gregorian and Palestrina manners. I agree with the reverend preacher. We should begin our education for eternity here and now.

"And let me not be accused of a false modesty if I take occasion here to lament the late art of oratory, which is said to have met its demise some ten or twenty years ago. When I recall our boyhood's laborious studies of the Greek and Latin orators, their methods and their masterpieces; when I remember the great Italian, Spanish and French forensics, the great pulpiteers of the Church, the Bossuets, De Lammenais and Mabillons, I cannot help wondering what has happened to the art sense of the world. The last great orator of the world passed away with Castelar, and the art fled for its final home to Cuba and Colombia, and the senates of South America. Gladstone made a solemn closing of forensies in England, and William Jennings Bryan and Bourke Cochrane faded out in the tail of the ancient comet. If you ask for the oratory of today, go to the theatre and try to catch the miserable enunciation; go to the radio announcer and grind your teeth over his diction and pronunciation. The spoken word in its public sense is dead; in its private use, it is in decay.

"Scripta manent, says an old adage, but, alas; what is becoming of our written style? Our letters are clicked on typewriters, or shot by telegram or radio across the face of heaven. Is there a soul alive today who could send a letter of thanks in the thousand different exquisite forms employed by Cardinal Newman for the congratulations on his elevation to the Cardinalate? How far away are those good old days of Addison and Macaulay, the suspended and periodic styles, the balanced periods and the staccato and coupé rhythms! Old ladies living in the suburbs of Boston and Philadelphia still inscribe their delicate stationery with the silver-point, harmonious echoings of a vanished age. In England, His Grace the Duke of Poplar and Bermondsey, writes to his friend, the tailor, Mr. Snippe of Snippe and Sons, Saint James Street:

" 'Just look at these bags you last built me, Snippe! Ever see such beastly bags in your life? I shall always be glad to come and dine with you, old man, but I'll be hanged if you ever measure me for another pair of bags.'

"And listen to the reply of Mr. Snippe:

" 'You've always grumbled about your bags, as you call them, ever since you were my fag at Eton: and at Christchurch you were just as bad, even though my poor dear old governor used to come all the way down to measure them himself! It ain't the fault of the bags, my dear Popsy, it's the fault of the legs inside 'em!'

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"Woe, woe! The decline of the Victorian decorum and dignities, my dear Britannicus! Listen, please, to this last extract from Aldous Huxley. Lady Anne and Lady Patricia are conversing in the manner of today:

" 'What sort of time did you have last night, old thing?'

" 'Oh, pretty bloody. It would have been a washout in any case, but what finally got my goat was that little——— Angela, who pinched my man.'

"Spirits of Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth! Would you talk after this fashion if you came back to one of our back-parlor seances? Chesterfield, Dr. Johnson, Beau Brummel, Châteaubriand, Manzoni, Goethe, how shall you address us through the mediums of the future, when the tappings on the table are over and it is time to say something? Oratory gone, conversation nil, correspondence vanished from the mails, and Uncle Sam left to distribute only advertisements and charitable appeals by the thousands of tons!"

"And here comes Hallowe'en again," interrupted Miss Amanuensa, "and I have been shivering all night over Paul Busson's novel, The Man Who Was Born Again. I have always had such a good time ducking for apples and peeping for my lover under a candle before the mirror."

"Survivals from the old pagan feast of Pomona, and brought into Germany in the eighth century, by the British nun, afterward Saint Walpurga; Druidic traditions, my dear Amanuensa, nothing to be afraid of, like a bat or a mouse or an angry wasp. What does your author say, Amanuensa?"

Amanuensa, adjusting her horn-goggles, read plaintively:

" 'Lights danced beneath, bluish and yellow lights. I saw faces with glittering eyes under blazing crowns of fire. Fire was everywhere. All around me there was a whirling and jumping, a hopping and dancing of countless forms. Gray wolves with red glaring eyes glided among the beautiful naked forms and dark froth ran from their panting jaws. A cripple, who was without legs and yet who propelled himself with the help of a pair of dexterous, apish arms, moved about in a tumbril through the confusion and stared everywhere with eyes like a crab's. A figure whose skin was stretched like parchment over his fleshless limbs, blew a dead bone like a trumpet, and glow-worms crawled about his eye-sockets.' "

"Enough, Amanuensa, enough of that. It sounds like a description of some old Flemish painting of the Temptations of Saint Antony. I should like to have the address of Mr. Busson's bootlegger; perhaps you have it among your cards, Britannicus? I wish to avoid him carefully."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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